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DRAFTS AT SIGHT ON THE SOUTH-WEST.

NO. V.

A WEDDING AND A WOLF HUNT.

A home on the wide, open prairie for me,
Where waves the rich grass like swell of the sea,
To the breezes of heaven untrammelled and free—
Where the sensitive rose uncared for grows,
And roams without fear the wild red deer,
A home in the prairie for me.

A PEEP at frontier life and a scamper across the prairie on a half-wild Spanish horse at break-neck speed is far better than a dry dissertation upon bricks and mortar; and so Houston (the city) must bide its time while I try my hand at something more congenial—a wolf hunt.

The first scene of the kind that I ever witnessed was in the days of my pristine verdure—and by the way, here let me drop a word of advice to any and every one who may try his or their fortunes in a new country—to pretend to no knowledge that they do not possess. If everything appears new, and queer, and strange, let them say so. Ask as many questions as they please, the more the better. They will find the backwoodsman is not only willing but happy to impart any information in his power, and that he will take pleasure in showing everything that may amuse and astonish them—but for the man who would play the Indian and refuse an expression of either surprise or pleasure, small pains will be taken for his edification.

I enjoyed my first impressions to the fullest extent. The scene which I am about to describe was in Eastern Texas, in a small settlement not far from the forks of the San Jacinto. The settlement consisted of the members of one family, and thus was it made:

Some years since the R. family resided in Louisiana, but finding the range for their cattle becoming every year worse, one of the sons, Joe, set forth as a pioneer to explore, and locate himself upon the more fertile plains of Texas, taking with him his wife and children. Here in the days of the patriarchs he would have pitched his tent, but having no tent to pitch, or no taste for a life in tents, or being intent upon a more permanent mansion, he set to work, and with the friendly assistance of a few near

neighbors, living not more than fifteen or twenty miles distant, put up a log cabin. A sturdy arm, a sharp axe, and a willing heart require but few days to furnish the backwoodsman with a secure shelter. Joe had travelled in a covered wagon, which contained his small family and small stock of furniture—the latter probably consisting of an old chest containing the family wardrobe, a coffee-pot, a few tin cups, a steel mill to grind his corn, a skillet to bake his bread in, with a few spoons, knives, forks, pans, and pails.

His farming utensils were even fewer in number—a plough, an axe, and hoe, perhaps—nothing else. As for provisions, a supply of coffee and tobacco was indispensable; for everything else, except a little meal for immediate use, he relied upon his stock of cattle, to sell or to kill. Having completed his cabin, he now made a small clearing in the adjoining woods where to raise the corn for his family's bread. The next year his brother came out, the two lived and prospered. Their cattle grew in numbers. Before long rumors of the fatness of the land had reached the ears of the other members, and out they trooped—men, women, children and negroes, horses and cattle, until Joe began to imagine the population too dense for health and comfort. In fact he complained bitterly to me and expressed a determination of moving further, where he would have room to breathe, and the women could not quarrel about their chickens.

This settlement, whose density of population distressed our friend Joe so much, consisted at this time of five families and not over forty individuals of all hues, ages, and sexes. There had been a wedding—Cupid had found his way into the wilds and tempted a young man to commit matrimony with one of the daughters of the family after a very curt courtship, which was perhaps excusable, as the lover had to ride fifty miles every time he would visit his innamorata. Unfortunately for all who anticipated the fun and frolic usually incident to such affairs, death had been busy in the family but a short time previous, having with his remorseless scythe clipped off its head—and in consequence banjo and fiddle were tabooed, and dancing decidedly vetoed. On the wedding morning, the rain fell as it only falls in Texas, and the happy man arriving drenched to the skin, was obliged to change his dress before he did his condition. However, as he had ridden in homespun and preserved his best suit in his saddle-bags intact, he soon made his appearance decidedly renovated. If there was no dancing there was plenty of feasting. The Houston stores had been laid under contribution, a host of fat things were spread before the assembled guests, and although I cannot affirm, as it is customary to do in similar cases, that the tables groaned under their unwonted burden—since according to the very best information I have been able to obtain upon the subject, tables never do groan, but are basely alandered in this respect, yet they certainly creaked—and to make up the deficiency the majority of the guests groaned in concert before morning. The old lady seemed to have taken an exact measure of each one's capacity, and as long as she imagined a stray corner existed in any one, unoccupied, so long she

continued to heap her luxuries upon his plate. In the evening songs and stories, nearly as broad as they were long, intimately mixed with whiskey and water, circulated among us, and long ere midnight the majority of the males at least were in admirable condition for bed.

A bed was prepared rather remarkable for its longitude, as it extended the entire length of the porch, being formed simply by laying down a succession of blankets and counterpanes with anything and everything stuck under the end for "heading"—and upon this the males threw themselves down, each man using his own blanket, which no Texan travels without, for cover.

The next morning all were astir betimes, and it certainly appeared to me that had the most of them entertained even a remote idea of the thirst they were to experience, they certainly would have taken a drop more before retiring. A wedding without anything of a frolic connected with it would have been deemed a species of sacrilege, and so "faute de mieux," a wolf-hunt was declared the order of the day.

Directly in front of the house, at a distance of four miles, is an "island of timber," known as Lake Island. It is one mile in length, and through it runs or stands, as the case may be, a narrow, shallow, and muddy strip of water. Four miles again beyond this is another and a smaller "island," called from its usual inhabitants, "Wolf Island." I would here beg the reader to remark, that in speaking of "Islands," clusters of trees are meant to be implied—the same relative terms being applied to prairie and woodland as we use in speaking of land and water—a strip of prairie extending into the woods is known as a "Cove" or "Bay," while a projecting piece of wood is called a "Point"—a cluster of trees, an "Island," &c.

It appears that among the innumerable wolves that ravaged the prairie, one had acquired for herself a very unenviable notoriety, and had been long marked for destruction. Her size was great; in fact, she was represented as being a monster in her way. She had had the audacity to venture boldly into the cow-pens, and drive off all the dogs of the settlement except one huge old veteran, named Rove, with whom she respectfully declined measuring her strength. Our plans were easily arranged—the caviar of horses driven into the pen, and we were soon very busy catching and saddling—each man paying particular attention to the fastening of his girth, in the anticipation of a hard race over a hog-wallow prairie. Among the more prominent actors were our quondam friend "Joe," a younger brother "Dave," mounted upon a fine blooded animal, and a brother-in-law, "Sam," who, being almost as much of a Johnny Newcome as myself, and considering himself "some punkins" in hunting, must needs bring his rifle into the field, for which he was well laughed at. The rest relied for offence and defence upon their long cow whips—an implement consisting of a short eighteen inch handle, to which a very heavy lash from twelve to eighteen feet long is attached, and usually carried over their shoulder with the lash trailing upon the ground—the "caberos" or hair rope, and, in cases of emergency,

their stirrups, which, weighing from three to five pounds, and easily unshipped, as a sailor would say, make a very efficient instrument.

All were ready, and, with a shout, off we started at a dashing pace; but our ardor abating, after a burst of a mile, we cooled down to a steady trot. Bearing to the right of Lake Island is a "marais" almost impassable in the wet season, but at this time in good order for travelling, and as we dashed into its high grass up started as fine a drove of deer as ever gladdened a hunter's eye. The sight was not lost upon our friend Sam, who, driving his rowels into the sides of his young horse, dashed off in hot pursuit. "Look out, Sam!" cried Joe, "look out! that critter wont stand fire—she'll give you fits directly." The caution came too late; a shout of exultation from Sam had brought a fine buck to the right about, anxious, with all the curiosity of his kind, to know what in the world that unearthly noise might mean; and ere he was satisfied Sam was within range, in an instant, without the least check of his horse's speed, the rifle was at his cheek, and off went the gun, Sam, and deer, "unanimous," as Mr. George Christy observes, "upon that last note." The buck evidently had the best of it. With his flag raised in triumph, he scoured over the prairie, throwing himself clear above the high grass at every jump. The rifle, the parent of all the mischief, lay reposing in quiet on the ground, and Sam, well bruised and almost stunned, flat upon his back, was holding on to one end of his "caberos," endeavoring to restrain his horse, who, fastened to the other, was prancing, snorting, and trying his best to escape his human anchor. A fall from a horse being too trivial a thing to occasion anything but a laugh at the expense of the fallen, without more ado we secured the animal, righted the man, and again bent our course to the Island. On arriving there I found it to be a cluster of trees covering about two acres, with a heavy thicket of underbrush—and an admirable place to shelter all kinds of "varmint."

The best mounted men were selected to guard the Island, and if the wolf or wolves should break through our formidable pack of dogs, cut them off from taking shelter in Lake Island. Dave and myself were posted without upon one side; we had dismounted for a moment to tighten the girths, and I was just securing mine, when a shout from him brought me to saddle in an instant, and looking around I espied the identical wolf not more than one hundred yards ahead, making the best of her way across the prairie, and maintaining a running fight with "old Rove," while the rest of the pack of hounds and curs were scouring along after them as near as they might.

We gave chase immediately. It was just noon, on an intensely hot day in the first part of September; the ground we were riding over of the description known as "hog-wallow," being a succession of small mounds and corresponding hollows—the wolf, gaunt and in fine running order. In short, the chances were against us; however, off we dashed, shouting like madmen, Dave right on the trail of the wolf, and I striving to head her off from Lake Island.

It was an animated scene—the wolf right ahead, running side by side with "old Rove," and gaining upon us every moment; the space between us dotted with dogs of all colors and sizes, and scattered from us to the starting-ground, some twenty riders, every man of them making the best possible use of both lungs and spurs.

Whether it was owing to the heat of the day, the roughness of the ground, or the fact that the wolf was contending for life and we only for her skin, I know not, but in a heat of four miles she certainly beat us fairly over a quarter.

Upon reaching Lake Island not only the old hound, but the smaller fry, abandoned all idea of the chase, and rushed indiscriminately into the water, whence they refused most doggedly to stir. They were completely done over and used up, and most of our horses in no better condition.

After beating the bush vainly for a while, we called a council of war, and determined to ride our reeking, panting steeds homeward, procure fresh ones, and other dogs, and return again, feeling very sure that "Sir Isengrim" would not dream of leaving his quarters for some time, unless cavalierly ousted; and that we should find him awaiting us, stiffened with his morning's work, and in no condition to make the same "time" again.

On our homeward route Dave and myself, to whom the escape of the wolf was imputed, caught it finely from all quarters. "Look heah, Dave, whar's the 'Jack ov Dimins' you war gwine to hunt on, that could give a wolf fits directly?" "I say, stranger, that's a powerful smart lookin' chunk ov a poney you've got atwixt yer legs thar, but poneys is mighty onsartin."

"Now, boys, jest cum out squar and say ef yer did run ater the varmint, or if ye took a sorter skear and put out tother way."

"I tell what is, boys," said a fourth, "yer all barkin' up the wrong tree. I smell a bug, Dave and that ar stranger's ondy playin' 'possum, an want to git a quarter race out on us, but they can't pull the wool over this child's eyes; he's got 'em both skinned."

"Shut up," replied Dave, "and let the stranger and me alone. Thar wart one ov ye in half a mile ov the tail ov our horses. I'll dar ye now to run a race over that same hog-wallow, and anti ten cows and calves on ither the stranger er me, an I'll bet a plug ov tobacco I hev a saddle cover off that varmint's back afore I camp down."

On nearing the plantation we perceived a number of dark objects perched upon the fence, which at first I mistook for buzzards, but they proved to be a general assortment of all the young negroes in the place, chattering like so many monkeys, their white eyes and teeth glistening in their setting of jet, who had assembled to get an early view of the "varmint" we had gone forth to do battle with.

As soon as we arrived at the house, one of the young darkies was dispatched to the river with an invitation for a man who was there living to come up and bring all his pups; two or three more were mounted, and sent into the prairie in search of the "caviarde" of horses—and we went in to dinner.

To use a very expressive Westernism, "Dave's tail was up," and every possible preparation was made to preclude a failure. The dogs that had returned were cared for, the very best cow horses (horses trained to cow hunting) selected, a complete and well digested plan of the campaign devised and explained. It was, however, thought that the difficulties of the chase had very much increased since morning. In the place of a small island that might be easily drawn, the wolf was now in a dense thicket a mile in length, with a stream of water in its midst, which the cunning old rascal might use to great advantage in washing his trail, and throwing the dogs off the scent.

Four o'clock found us all prepared for a start, and half an hour's sharp riding brought us to the hunting-ground. One person was now stationed at either end of the island, and one on either side, all of them at a sufficient distance from it to permit their glance to take in everything from one outpost to another.

We then commenced operations at the southern end, spreading ourselves entirely across the thicket, and forcing our way slowly and surely, keeping back the dogs; and at the same time three of the party riding even with our line upon the outside.

In this way we proceeded through the island, but no "sign" of wolf could we see. Our dogs started all sorts of strange game, but not the kind we were in search of. Dave was in despair. "The 'varmint's' gone home again," said he. "I rayther reckon not," replied Joe. "I rayther reckon not; hit's clear agin the cunnin of the varmint to think so. He's pretty much used up to begin with, and then he knows we're arter him, and you don't catch him showin' his profile in the penara tell dark, and ef thar's a bright moon he'll keep shady tell nigh sun up, and then he'll make a break. I tell you what, gentlemen, he's here. I'll bet a horse on that. The crittur's ben in the lake, and jumpd clar across the path into the bush, and thar he lies—we've been within a rod of him. Ef old Rove would git up and go to work we'd fetch him soon, but these dem no-account pups arn't worth shucks, and so we must do the tracking; so, boys, let's 'light, some on us, and take it afoot, whilst the rest keep along on their critturs."

Joe's advice was taken; he started off on the lead, and, strange to say, within ten rods of the spot where the consultation had been held—stopped, and intimated by a very significant whistle that he saw "sign."

Old hunter as Joe was he for once allowed himself to be thrown off his guard—instead of passing quietly on, giving us "item" as he would have called it, and permitting us to surround the beast, and make a sure thing of it, at the sight of the "footprints in the sand," he first whistled, then peering into the bush, and espying the much-sought-for "varmint," he allowed the exuberance of his joy to evaporate in a yell that would have aroused the dead. The wolf did not move, until Joe very imprudently seized a stick and poked it in her hair. Then with but one spring she dashed at her tormentor, who, slipping, fell backwards into the water; and without waiting even to crawl out, gave us a succession of shouts that would have done honor to a Commanche.

The wolf had evidently made up her mind that there was nothing left for her but a run for life, and crossing the water made for the open prairie—but her situation was far from agreeable. Seen by three of the outposts, she was immediately headed off, and, turning, she had to encounter the party stationed on the edge of the island; her speed was sensibly diminished, and her pursuers now felt sure of her; keeping her right between them they now forced her to a course parallel with the island, by which manœuvre not only would our whole party be gathered, but she would be driven into the main prairie, without any chance of finding shelter, except by taking the back track, and from that they could easily cut her off. As they passed the end of the island the whole party fell in, and we all obeyed Dave's direction to the very letter.

The chase headed down the prairie; running parallel with the wolf, and at a distance of a quarter of a mile on either side were three riders, while the rest spread out widely, fol-

lowed at about the same distance behind—the dogs semi-distant between us—thus forming three sides of a hollow square, with the wolf and dogs in the centre.

Riding at half speed, and watching every motion of the animal, we now commenced drawing in, four or five riders leaving the back, and joining the side line, until we felt we had her safe, and then Dave prepared to fulfil his promise. Leaving the line, he took his "caberos" from the pommel of the saddle, passed it underneath his leg, then unfastening it gathered it in a coil in his left hand, in which the bridle was also firmly grasped. In his right hand was the noose at the end of the rope.

Rising in his stirrups, with an encouraging shout to his horse, he dashed directly at the wolf, who, now maddened with fear, rage, and pain, made a rush first on one side and then the other, in hopes of escape, but giving up in despair, resumed her straightforward course.

Dave approached behind, and driving the spurs into his horse's flanks, was soon parallel with her, and not more than twenty feet off.

Giving the noose three or four twirls around his head, he launched it with the certainty of a bullet at the head of the animal, and without one instant's pause wheeled his horse.

The rope ran out, and Sir Isengrim, jerked suddenly about from his headlong career, found himself heels in air, with a half-broken neck, dragged on his back at a rattling pace over the prairie.

At this very moment the yell of a dog was heard, and "old Rove," lame, tired, half-dead as he was, running on two, three, or four legs by turns, made his appearance, and dashing through the throng of his useless fellows, fastened upon the wolf's throat. Over and over they went together, Rove having all the fighting and biting to himself.

Dave checked his speed; found the poor wolf past praying for; and it was with difficulty that he could drive the dogs off, so as to redeem his promise, "that he would cover his saddle with that wolf's hide."

P. P.

Passages from Works in Press.

MR. POWELL'S "Living Authors of England," to be published immediately by the APPLETONS, furnishes us with the following—a portion of the author's sketch of Dickens, with an anecdote from the paper on Talfourd.

CHARLES DICKENS.

A modern critic has called Mr. Dickens the Hogarth of authors, and we think the epithet one of which the novelist may well be proud. In "Oliver Twist," we are perpetually reminded of the fact, and we can conceive nothing more perfect in the way of amusement than a novel written by Charles Dickens in his best manner, and illustrated by William Hogarth!

Among the scenes of that great fiction, one of the most touching things we ever read, is the scene where the poor sweet-hearted consumptive child, who is weeding the garden before any one else has risen, climbs up the gate and putting his little arms through, clasps Oliver round the neck, wishing him "good bye" with a brother's kiss. They had both been beaten and starved together, and in the little child's "good bye—God bless you," rushed a world of thought and old feelings enough to drown the voice of a poor law commissioner in tears.

It is in touches like this that Mr. Dickens is so superior to the rest of his contemporaries:

he often conveys a crowd of associations in a line, but too often takes a page to reiterate what destroys the whole effect of his previous effort. He leaves nothing to the reader's imagination: indeed he so overpaints his picture as not unfrequently to obliterate the original and successful design. Numberless instances of this might be given: we content ourselves by calling the reader's attention to the description of Ruth's pudding making, too well known to quote.

Mr. Dickens tells a story remarkably well, and being a good mimic he often imparts to the narrative the reality and vivacity of life: the anecdote of Macready and Prichard is one of his most successful efforts: we have the more pleasure in relating this as it shows under cover of an apparent icy reserve,

"Still glows the warmth of genial heat
In stern Macalpine's breast."

While we are on this "trail," we may as well relieve our recollection of another anecdote, illustrating the peculiarities of two men so well known as Wordsworth and the great tragedian.

Mr. Macready, on his return from some engagement in Edinburgh, called on Wordsworth, and was persuaded by the old bard to remain all night: they wandered about, talked of the drama, and parted, mutually pleased with each other. Shortly afterwards, a friend who knew Macready intimately, inquiring of Wordsworth what he thought of his visitor, received from the aged poet the following account. "I was much pleased with him indeed. He is a quiet, modest, unassuming man: without the slightest taint of conceit—in short, I gathered from what he said about acting, that he is a bad actor, and he knows it: between ourselves, he confessed as much to me." Our friend's amusement may be easily conceived at this instance of the Poet Laureate's discrimination: it is, however, a curious instance of Mr. Macready's "private theatricals."

To return, however, to the story in question, which shows the eminent actor in a very amiable point of view; the simplicity of his guest is truly ludicrous.

A gentleman, of the name of Prichard, having failed as an actor, settled down into the more useful occupation of stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He had the peculiarity of being an extravagant admirer of celebrity, but the chief idol of his worship was Mr. Macready. His delight was intense when he heard that the great tragedian was engaged to play a number of his favorite characters. It seemed to be an honor to hear him talk. He resolved, therefore, to show him every attention.

On Mr. Macready's first visit he was almost driven to despair by the reserved manners of the actor, who seemed a frozen man with the powers of locomotion. He, notwithstanding, paid unremitting attention to the hero of his worship: looked to the fire in his dressing-room, placed lofty wax tapers there, and by a thousand delicate services expressed his deference. After a week's perseverance he was rewarded by an inclination of his idol's head. A few days more the face ripened into a smile: then came a more rapid thawing; and one morning Mr. Macready was so touched by the deferential respect and attention of the stage-manager that he actually spoke to him, "Good morning, Mr. Prichard." Balaam was not more astounded at his donkey's speech, than Prichard at his lion's condescension—in a little time it ripened into "Good morning, Prichard!" and one morning, never to be forgotten by the obsequious Prichard, Mr. Macready said, "Prichard, you don't look well;

you want a change of air! I have a little cottage at Elltree; come down on Saturday, and stay till Monday." In a state of speechless rapture the admiring stage-manager accepted the invitation. Never minutes crawled so slowly as those which intervened; at length the blissful time arrived, and in a state of joyful trepidation the highly honored man mounted the stage that was to convey him to this terrestrial seventh heaven. No monarch on his throne sat with a greater pride. He looked as though he felt all the passengers knew he was going to see Mr. Macready. His look seemed to proclaim, "Gentlemen, I am actually going on a visit to the great Mr. Macready—what do you think of that!" In due time he was deposited at the door of the cottage. Mr. Macready received him at the porch, led him to the parlor, and then told his servant to show Mr. Prichard his room. In this neat little dormitory the bewildered visitor endeavored to calm the tumultuous rapture of his mind. After some little delicate devotion to his toilet he descended to the parlor, where he was introduced to Mrs. Macready. "My dear, this is my kind friend, Mr. Prichard, whose attention to me at the theatre I have named to you." Mrs. Macready, in her usual lady-like manner, welcomed him. Mr. Prichard flowered a little and said, "The pleasure he felt in showing his respect for so resplendent a genius as Mr. Macready was his greatest happiness and reward," &c. He was interrupted in his blushing and glowing enumeration by the tragedian's saying, "We don't dine till six, we shall have time for a stroll in the garden and paddock." Mr. Macready pointed out in his sententious way the wonders around. "That is my little paddock—there's my boy's horse—there is a small hen." Mr. Prichard put forth a word or two of rhetoric. "How blissful for a man of genius, tired with the fret and fever of the world, to retire, and in the calm seclusion," and so on. Mr. Macready nipped this fine crop of oratory by saying, "That's a cow, it supplies our family with milk." "Happy cow (exclaimed the manager), to supply so great a man's family with milk." Prichard, in the intense adoration of the minute, wished himself a cow! As Jupiter for love of Europa turned himself into a bull, so would Prichard have done the synonymous for Mr. Macready.

Behold Mr. Prichard actually seated at the same table with Mr. and Mrs. Macready! In the course of the evening the courteous host happened to say to this simple-minded manager, "Prichard, make yourself at home; ask for whatever you want; I have a warm bath in the house; one would, I am sure, do you good; if you think so, you have only to ring; tell my man, it is prepared in a minute—now don't stand on any ceremony—it is no trouble."

Dinner passed off; Mr. Macready was condescending—the manager seemed translated; towards midnight he was led to his room by his hero, and told that he was to consider himself at home, and do as he liked. Left alone, he gave himself up to a variety of pleasing reflections. Lapped in this reverie, time slid on unconsciously; at last the words of Mr. Macready, "a warm bath will do you good; it gives no trouble; it is prepared in a minute," fastened upon him with a fatal fascination. "It will do me good," involuntarily exclaimed Prichard; "I feel overpowered with the sensations that have rushed through me; I will have one; Mr. Macready pressed me to take it, he will be offended if I don't; I would not wound his feelings for the world." His hand

instinctively pulled the bell; like fear in Collins's Ode,

*"He back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made."*

The tinkling ceased; dead silence; again the bell was rung louder; no one came; Prichard gave up the idea of his bath and thanked the abortive ringing; at length, just as he was preparing to get into bed there was a rap at his door with a half sleepy "Did you ring, sir?" "I should like to have a warm bath," faintly ejaculated Prichard, half suspecting the absurdity of the request; "A warm bath, sir?" said the servant. "Yes, Mr. Macready said I could have a warm bath." The servant vanished, and went to his master's bed-room door and rapped; the great actor was sleeping, no doubt dreaming of histrionic triumphs with no Astor House in the vista.

Mrs. Macready was the first to hear this unusual sound. She listened a minute's space, then touching the modern Macbeth's arm, said, "William, what is that?" A deep guttural growl was the response.

*"Again the lady at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied."*

"William, pray wake, I tell you I hear a noise. I thought I heard a bell ring twice before; William, pray wake, I am getting alarmed." When Mr. Macready was thoroughly awake, he sat up in bed. "Who is that?" said he. "Me, sir," said the servant. "What do you mean by disturbing us in the middle of the night?" "Please, sir, Mr. Prichard wants a warm bath!" "A warm bath!" gasped his master, "does he know it is the dead waste and middle of the night? a warm bath, ha! ha!" continued he, "was there no pond on his road hither that he could have washed in? a warm bath, hah! hah! Rouse all the servants; let him have his bath; a bath! a bath! his kingdom for a bath!" saying this, he sank hysterically on the pillow.

Apropos to Macready, one of the most felicitous instances of pleading in modern times was Talfourd's defence against Mr. Bunn. That tricky manager had engaged the eminent tragedian, at a large salary, for fifty nights. After a few performances, finding he was losing money, he resolved to annoy Macready by every means in his power, fully trusting that the actor's well known irritability would lead him to break the contract. He commenced on a petty scale, such as placing only one common, dim-looking candle in his dressing-room, and by a variety of trifling annoyances of a like character; finding these had no effect, he resolved on a larger sphere of action.

He put his name down in the "Taming of the Shrew" as an afterpiece, playing a farce before it. Mr. Macready at first remonstrated, but suspecting the villany of the lessee, he consulted Mr. Forster and the Sergeant, who advised him to play the character of Petruccio even under these provoking circumstances.

Mr. Bunn, finding this had no effect, hit upon a scheme which he resolved to put in practice the next night. Mr. Macready was performing Richard the Third, and had gone through the first four acts in his usual manner, reserving his energies for the close of that magnificent drama. Mr. Macready, at the end of the fourth act, had retired to his dressing-room, and was sitting, waiting the callboy, enwrapped in a pleasing reverie as to the effect he was about to produce on the audience in the next act.

Time flew on, when to his surprise the orchestra commenced the overture to the panto-

mime. Starting up, the mimic tyrant went to the door of his dressing-room, and demanded the reason. Presently a man came with a message from Mr. Bunn, saying, with his compliments, that there was not time for the fifth act of the tragedy, as the pantomime was so long; and that if Mr. Macready would look into the playbills issued that morning, only four acts of the play had been promised.

There, true enough, in infinitesimal type, was the trick artfully dressed out: Macready's rage was intense; he saw he had been tricked; prudence counselled silent contempt; pride and indignation prompted a thousand things. At first he resolved to address the audience on his wrongs, and denounce his tormentor. Fired with that professional ambition so highly characteristic of Mr. Macready, he determined to rush upon the stage and present the public with the most intense and energetic Richard they had ever seen. On the way to the achievement of this great histrionic feat, he happened to pass the door of the manager's room; he was brimful of Richard, and doubting whether he could hold it in till he got to the footlights, his eye unluckily encountered the bland and smiling features of the poet Bunn, the perverter of the playbill, whose unlucky destiny it was to receive immediately a tremendous thumping at the hands of the excited tragedian. When the unhappy poet Bunn was nearly beaten insensible, the indignant actor rushed into his carriage and was whirled home.

In the action which the pumelled manager brought for the assault, Talfourd was retained as Macready's counsel. The witnesses were examined: the assault was proved; the legality of Bunn's conduct was indisputable; the unwarrantable violence of the actor was glaring, and every one in court expected large damages. The ludicrous light, however, in which Talfourd placed the whole affair at the close of his address to the jury is so ingenious, that we must quote it (from memory) even at the risk of being considered tedious.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the jury, you must bear in mind in justification of this apparently severe assault, the peculiar circumstances of the case: I will not insult your understanding by any remarks as to the wonderful power which the immortal Shakespeare has over the feelings of his readers; judge then what must be the tremendous spell that he exercises over that great tragedian, whose whole life has been absorbed in the study of this miraculous dramatist. In a few words, gentlemen, Mr. Macready having worked himself up, under the inspiration of Shakespeare, to electrify the audience, was suddenly stopped short at the end of the fourth act, and meeting with Mr. Bunn, he was compelled by the necessity of his case, and unable longer to contain the suppressed energy, to discharge the entire fifth act of Richard the Third on the unfortunate head of Mr. Bunn."

"I feel quite sure that you will not punish my friend Mr. Macready for the wonderful power which the immortal Shakespeare has over his votaries and admirers."

He then closed his speech, and the actor got off with tolerable damages.

In 1836 Mr. Dickens married Miss Catharine Hogarth, and to all human appearance the union has been a happy one; they have a family of seven children, the eldest a boy of about twelve years. His two last boys he has named after Alfred Tennyson and Francis Jeffreys, a piece of vanity unworthy so shrewd an observer of human nature.

In 1843 he visited America; but this is too well known to need any reference to beyond the mere fact. We may, however, say in passing, that much of the unsatisfactory nature of that visit is chargeable to the injudicious course taken by the very respectable body of gentlemen, who, totally ignorant of the peculiar temperament of the distinguished novelist, somewhat officiously, though doubtless with the best intentions, took charge of him, and,

in short, placed him under a complete *surveillance*, which impeded that free observation and genial intercourse with the masses which is absolutely necessary to the formation of a just opinion of the American people.

He has since passed a year in Italy, and another in Switzerland. He is fond of a trip to Paris, but the volatile manners of that vacuous nation seem to escape him, or baffle his powers of fixing on the canvas. It may be that he is unable to depict the finer traits of more polished life, and therefore wisely chooses the coarser and more boldly developed features of English and American manners to paint from; be it as it may, it is only as a sketcher of low life that he will descend to future times, and in this point of view he will be valuable to the future dramatist and historian to supply them with the manners and peculiarities of that class of mankind which constitutes the majority of the human race.

Mr. Dickens in private life is good-tempered and hospitable; he has a striking face; his hair is dark and long; his eye, which is the peculiarity of his countenance, is hazel; he is rather under the middle size, is neatly made, and very active; his favorite time for composition is in the morning; he writes till about one or two; lunches, then takes a walk for a couple of hours, returns to dinner, and gives the evening to his own or a friend's fireside.

He is a very gay dresser—eschews collars—rejoices in bright scarlet rolling collars to his waistcoat—is as fond of rings and gold chains as a Mosaic Jew. Indeed he dresses in a manner which if indulged in by another would inevitably call forth some of his genial banter. He is fond of country dances and other practical jokes. By his own fireside he is as pleasant and companionable as his warmest admirer could wish; his conversation, however, is not what might be expected from a man so justly celebrated; he tells a story well, and with ever fresh variations or humorous exaggerations. He is a strong admirer of Tennyson and Browning; we have heard him declare that he would rather have written the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" than any work of modern times. We have heard similar high admiration expressed on the other side of the Atlantic. Taking this for what it is worth, it still shows how highly that unpopular poet is esteemed by some of the leading intellects of England and America.

Mr. Dickens lives in good style in the Regent's Park, and is reported to live "not wisely, but too well." Men of quick feelings and ardent sympathies are not expected to have Cocker's Arithmetic in the flesh, or to have the Shylock heart of a London or a New York merchant.

He abominates argument; delights in walking the crowded thoroughfares of life, and noting the humors of his fellow-creatures. He has a strong sympathy with all the oppressed classes, and has no toleration for the misanthrope or the cold-hearted aristocrat. He now and then administers a little gentle rebuke to affectation, in a pleasant but unmistakable manner. We remember an instance where he silenced a bilious young writer, who was inveighing against the world in a very "foreible feeble manner;" during a pause in his philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table, in the most self-congratulatory of tones: "I say, —, what a lucky thing it is you and I don't belong to it? It reminds me," continued the author of *Pickwick*, "of the two men, who on a raised

scaffold were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman; the notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily employed in tossing one here, and another there; whereupon one of the criminals said to the other, 'I say, Bill, how lucky it is for us that we are up here.'

In general, however, his remarks are not happy. Notwithstanding his apparent theoretical sympathy with the lower classes, he pays an absurd deference to men of rank, and thinks no dinner table complete without a lord, or a very rich merchant or banker. This has been decidedly injurious to his writings; it has cramped his hand "and checked the thunder in mid volley."

A little anecdote will illustrate this "amiable weakness" better than a lengthened disquisition.

An acquaintance of his, calling one morning upon a celebrated writer, distinguished for his plain speaking, was astonished by the latter saying, in his most plaintive Scotch, in the course of conversation, "Poor Dickens! I am sorry for him; I could have better spared a better man!" "You amaze me," replied the other, "Why, I saw him last week, in good health. For God's sake tell me all about it—when did he die?" "Die, mon!" roared the philosopher, "I never said he was dead; I meant that it was all over with him as a great author." "What do you mean?" inquired the visitor. "Why, I mean this, he has dined with a real live lord, and it's in the newspapers! I say again, I am truly sorry for poor Dickens!"

His most intimate companions are Macready, Forster, Rogers, Landor, Harley, and Talfourd; his acquaintance, however, extends throughout the whole range of the literary circles.

Notwithstanding the attention he receives from a few of the nobility, such as Earl Carlisle, Lords Denman and Ashley, he is unpopular with the fashionable circles, and is merely asked as they would invite Tom Thumb, the Siamese Twins, or any other lusus nature, merely to increase the dramatic attractions of the evening; but the weakness of feeling flattered by the attentions of rank or wealth is a common failing with most men, especially when they have sprung from a humble class in society, and where the mind is deficient in the highest qualities, or not fortified by great self-respect; of this latter quality, Mr. Dickens has less than most men so widely renowned. To sum up his capabilities in a few words: as a man, he is good-tempered, vain, fickle, which makes him at times appear to be insincere; on the other hand, it must in justice be stated that he forgets with kindly facility an offence; but the impression on the minds of those who have known him longest is, that he is deficient in all those striking qualities of the heart which sanctify the memory of man. As an author, we have given our opinion of him, and stated our reasons. A few years will probably modify his position as compared with such writers as Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, Miss Barrett, Bailey, and many other of his contemporaries. He will, however, always hold a commanding position in his own peculiar department of composition.

We must not forget to mention that, misled by his fame, Mr. Dickens tried his hand on dramatic composition, and wrote a farce, which was acted at the Lyceum. As might be expected, from his want of constructive power, it was unequivocally condemned; this settles the question as to the author of Copper-

field being a writer of the first class. It is a curious fact that all the first intellects of the age have been progressive; now with the writer before us, his first two works are unmistakably his best.

In 1846 Mr. Dickens was persuaded by some friends to become the editor of a newspaper called the "Daily News," then about to be established as a rival to the "Times," on the liberal side of politics. On January 26th of that year, the first number appeared, but after conducting it for three or four weeks the novelist found the pursuit distasteful, and retired from its management. It was said, at the time, that his salary was one hundred pounds per week, an amount equal, we are told, to an entire year's pay of many men of talent for editing leading daily papers in New York.

LEAVES FROM IRVING'S GOLDSMITH.

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

In this year, 1761, Goldsmith became personally acquainted with Dr. Johnson, towards whom he was drawn by strong sympathies, though their natures were widely different. Both had struggled from early life with poverty, but had struggled in different ways. Goldsmith, buoyant, heedless, sanguine, tolerant of evils and easily pleased, had shifted along by any temporary expedient; cast down at every turn, but rising again with indomitable good-humor, and still carried forward by his talent at hoping. Johnson, melancholy and hypochondriacal, and prone to apprehend the worst, yet sternly resolute to battle with and conquer it, had made his way doggedly and gloomily, but with a noble principle of self-reliance and a disregard of foreign aid. Both had been irregular at college. Goldsmith, as we have shown, from the levity of his nature and his social and convivial habits; Johnson, from his acerbity and gloom. When, in after life, the latter heard himself spoken of as gay and frolicsome at college, because he had joined in some riotous excesses there, "Ah, sir!" replied he, "I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. *I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit.* So I disregarded all power and all authority."

Goldsmith's poverty was never accompanied by bitterness; but neither was it accompanied by the guardian pride which kept Johnson from falling into the degrading shifts of poverty. Goldsmith had an unfortunate facility at borrowing, and helping himself along by the contributions of his friends; no doubt trusting, in his hopeful way, of one day making retribution. Johnson never hoped, and therefore never borrowed. In his sternest trials he proudly bore the ills he could not master. In his youth, when some unknown friend, seeing his shoes completely worn out, left a new pair at his chamber door, he disdained to accept the boon, and threw them away.

Though like Goldsmith an immethodical student, he had imbibed deeper draughts of knowledge, and made himself a riper scholar. While Goldsmith's happy constitution and genial humors carried him abroad into sunshine and enjoyment, Johnson's physical infirmities and mental gloom drove him upon himself, to the resources of reading and meditation; threw a deeper though darker enthusiasm into his mind, and stored a retentive memory with all kinds of knowledge.

VAGABOND ASSOCIATES.

Sometimes Goldsmith would make up a rural party, composed of four or five of his "jolly pigeon" friends, to enjoy what he hu-

morously called a "shoemaker's holiday." These would assemble at his chambers in the morning, to partake of a plentiful and rather expensive breakfast; the remains of which, with his customary benevolence, he generally gave to some poor woman in attendance. The repast ended, the party would set out on foot, in high spirits, making extensive rambles by foot-paths and green lanes to Blackheath, Wandsworth, Chelsea, Hampton Court, Highgate, or some other pleasant resort, within a few miles of London. A simple but gay and heartily relished dinner, at a country inn, crowned the excursion. In the evening, they strolled back to town, all the better in health and spirits for a day spent in rural and social enjoyment. Occasionally, when extravagantly inclined, they adjourned from dinner to drink tea at the White Conduit House; and, now and then, concluded their festive day by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee Houses, or at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. The whole expenses of the day never exceeded a crown, and were oftener from three and sixpence to four shillings; for the best part of their entertainment, sweet air and rural scenes, excellent exercise and joyous conversation, cost nothing.

One of Goldsmith's humble companions, on these excursions, was his occasional amanuensis, Peter Barlow, whose quaint peculiarities afforded much amusement to the company. Peter was poor but punctilious, squaring his expenses according to his means. He always wore the same garb; fixed his regular expenditure for dinner at a trifling sum, which, if left to himself, he never exceeded, but which he always insisted on paying. His oddities always made him a welcome companion on the "shoemaker's holidays." The dinner, on these occasions, generally exceeded considerably his tariff; he put down, however, no more than his regular sum, and Goldsmith made up the difference.

Another of these hangers-on, for whom, on such occasions, he was content to "pay the shot," was his countryman, Glover, of whom mention has already been made, as one of the wags and sponges of the Globe and Devil taverns, and a prime mimic at the Wednesday Club.

This vagabond genius has bequeathed us a whimsical story of one of his practical jokes upon Goldsmith, in the course of a rural excursion in the vicinity of London. They had dined at an inn on Hampstead Heights, and were descending the hill, when, in passing a cottage, they saw through the open window a party at tea. Goldsmith, who was fatigued, cast a wistful glance at the cheerful tea-table. "How I should like to be of that party," exclaimed he. "Nothing more easy," replied Glover; "allow me to introduce you." So saying, he entered the house with an air of the most perfect familiarity, though an utter stranger, and was followed by the unsuspecting Goldsmith, who, supposed, of course, that he was a friend of the family. The owner of the house rose on the entrance of the strangers. The undaunted Glover shook hands with him in the most cordial manner possible, fixed his eye on one of the company who had a peculiarly good-natured physiognomy, muttered something like a recognition, and forthwith launched into an amusing story, invented at the moment, of something which he pretended had occurred upon the road. The host supposed the new comers were friends of his guests; the guests that they were friends of the host. Glover did not give them time to find out the truth. He fol-

lowed one droll story with another; brought his powers of mimicry into play, and kept the company in a roar. Tea was offered and accepted; an hour went off in the most social manner imaginable, at the end of which, Glover bowed himself and his companion out of the house with many facetious last words, leaving the host and his company to compare notes, and to find out what an impudent intrusion they had experienced.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and vexation of Goldsmith when triumphantly told by Glover that it was all a hoax, and that he did not know a single soul in the house. His first impulse was to return instantly and vindicate himself from all participation in the jest; but a few words from his free and easy companion dissuaded him. "Doctor," said he, coolly, "we are unknown; you quite as much as I; if you return and tell the story, it will be in the newspapers to-morrow; nay, upon recollection, I remember in one of their offices the face of that squinting fellow who sat in the corner as if he was treasuring up my stories for future use, and we shall be sure of being exposed; let us therefore keep our own counsel."

This story was frequently afterwards told by Glover, with rich dramatic effect, repeating and exaggerating the conversation, and mimicking, in ludicrous style, the embarrassment, surprise, and subsequent indignation of Goldsmith.

It is a trite saying that a wheel cannot run in two ruts; nor a man keep two opposite sets of intimates. Goldsmith sometimes found his old friends of the "jolly pigeon" order turning up rather awkwardly when he was in company with his new aristocratic acquaintances. He gave a whimsical account of the sudden apparition of one of them at his gay apartments in the Temple, who may have been a welcome visitor at his squalid quarters in Green Arbor Court. "How do you think he served me?" said he to a friend. "Why, sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers, half drunk, as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Ogelthorpe; and sitting himself down, with most intolerable assurance inquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if we were upon the most friendly footing. I was at first so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stifled my resentment and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon; in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very respectably; when all of a sudden, as if recollecting something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me with great ceremony, saying, 'Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea, and a half pound of sugar, I have brought you; for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you, nor any man else, shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude.' This," added Goldsmith, "was too much. I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly; which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar; and I never saw him afterwards."

DICTIONARY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The works which Goldsmith had still in hand being already paid for, and the money gone, some new scheme must be devised to provide for the past and the future—for impending debts which threatened to crush him, and expenses which were continually increasing. He now projected a work of greater compass than any he had yet undertaken; a

Dictionary of Arts and Sciences on a comprehensive scale, which was to occupy a number of volumes. For this he received promises of assistance from several powerful hands. Johnson was to contribute an article on ethics; Burke, an abstract of his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, an essay on the Berkleyan system of philosophy, and others on political sciences; Sir Joshua Reynolds, an essay on painting; and Garrick, while he undertook on his own part to furnish an essay on acting, engaged Dr. Burney to contribute an article on music. Here was a great array of talent positively engaged, while other writers of eminence were to be sought for the various departments of science. Goldsmith was to edit the whole. An undertaking of this kind, while it did not incessantly task and exhaust his inventive powers by original composition, would give agreeable and profitable exercise to his taste and judgment in selecting, compiling, and arranging, and he calculated to diffuse over the whole the acknowledged graces of his style.

He drew up a prospectus of the plan, which is said by Bishop Percy, who saw it, to have been written with uncommon ability, and to have had that perspicuity and elegance for which his writings are remarkable. This paper, unfortunately, is no longer in existence.

Goldsmith's expectations, always sanguine respecting any new plan, were raised to an extraordinary height by the present project; and well they might be, when we consider the powerful coadjutors already pledged. They were doomed, however, to complete disappointment. Davies, the bibliophile of Russell-street, lets us into the secret of this failure. "The booksellers," said he, "notwithstanding they had a very good opinion of his abilities, yet were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the fate of which was to depend upon the industry of a man with whose indolence of temper and method of procrastination they had long been acquainted."

Goldsmith certainly gave reason for some such distrust by the heedlessness with which he conducted his literary undertakings. Those unfinished, but paid for, would be suspended to make way for some job that was to provide for present necessities. Those thus hastily taken up would be as hastily executed, and the whole, however pressing, would be shoved aside and left "at loose ends," on some sudden call to social enjoyment or recreation.

Cradock tells us that on one occasion, when Goldsmith was hard at work on his Natural History, he sent to Dr. Percy and himself, entreating them to finish some pages of his work which lay upon his table, for which the press was urgent, he being detained by other engagements at Windsor. They met by appointment at his chambers in the Temple, where they found everything in disorder, and costly books lying scattered about on the tables and on the floor; many of the books on natural history which he had recently consulted lay open among uncorrected proof-sheets. The subject in hand, and from which he had suddenly broken off, related to birds. "Do you know anything about birds?" asked Dr. Percy smiling. "Not an atom," replied Cradock; "do you?" "Not I! I scarcely know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do." They set to work and completed their friendly task. Goldsmith, however, when he came to revise it, made such alterations that they could neither of them recognise their own share. The en-

agement at Windsor, which had thus caused Goldsmith to break off suddenly from his multifarious engagements, was a party of pleasure with some literary ladies. Another anecdote was current, illustrative of the carelessness with which he executed works requiring accuracy and research. On the 22d June he had received payment in advance for a Grecian History in two volumes, though only one was finished. As he was pushing on doggedly at the second volume, Gibbon, the historian, called in. "You are the man of all others I wish to see," cried the poet, glad to be saved the trouble of reference to his books. What was the name of that Indian king who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble?" "Montezuma," replied Gibbon, sportively. The heedless author was about committing the name to paper without reflection, when Gibbon pretended to recollect himself, and gave the true name, Porus.

This story, very probably, was a sportive exaggeration; but it was a multiplicity of anecdotes like this and the preceding one, some true and some false, which had impaired the confidence of booksellers in Goldsmith, as a man to be relied on for a task requiring wide and accurate research, and close and long continued application. The project of the Universal Dictionary, therefore, met with no encouragement, and fell through.

Reviews.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Physical Geography. By Mary Somerville, Author of "The Connexion of the Physical Sciences," &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. London: Bohn. New York: Bangs, Platt & Co.

The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its relation to the History of Mankind. By Arnold Guyot, Professor of Physical Geography and History at Neufchatel, Switzerland. Translated from the French, by C. C. Felton, Prof. in Harvard University. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

MRS. SOMERVILLE carries us round the world as if she were relating her own voyages. She describes as graphically as if she saw and had the power to make her readers eye-witnesses as well. We go from region to region, traverse mountains, cross and fathom seas, and realize the changing characters of vegetable and animal life in our pilgrimage. We are not sure but that this is the very ideal of the science. At all events it fills the mind with images, and these of the most imposing objects. The amount of information and the number of facts conveyed to the mind in the work is as great as an exceedingly terse and condensed style could accomplish; but the faculty addressed is the imagination.

Instead of a local division of the parts of the universe, Humboldt has endeavored to lay deep the foundations of his view of the Macrocosm in the philosophic ideas of its unity and harmony. A traveller himself, of such research that we may almost call him the father of Physical Geography, he presents us with profound generalizations, and especially delights to trace the influence of the great agencies of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism on the surface and contents of the earth. The scientific relations of the earth as part of the universe are brought out more

completely in the Cosmos than in either of the other works.

How far climate, soil, and situation have modified the history and the present condition, and what effect they are to have on the destiny of man, seems to belong to morals as much as to science. This is the direction in which Prof. Guyot has chosen to examine the physical elements of the earth, and it is sufficiently full of interest to those who hope in the future for greater comfort, virtue, peace, and true development, than our race has as yet in the great masses, at all events, exhibited or enjoyed.

It is only since the thorough explorations of travellers like Humboldt, and the patient labors of those who have brought science to its present height, that Physical Geography has been rendered possible. Now the details of discovery, though unexhausted, as they ever must remain, present the outlines of a majestic whole. Around this home of the human race the great active principles of change and motion operate according to the laws the chemist or natural philosopher has observed in miniature. What charm exists in this study may be learnt from a passage in the *Cosmos*. "If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollections of my own distant travels, I would instance among the most striking scenes of nature the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean; or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches form as it were 'a forest above a forest;' or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore."

How different are these views of the vastness and infinite variety of scenery, and the unceasing and grand displays of power of which they are the theatre, from the meagre enumeration of boundaries and dismal array of small political statistics that once was all we knew by the name of Geography?

Mrs. Somerville's work, as we have said, is most strictly confined to Physical Geography. But a description of the present condition of the earth necessarily involves its past history, and this is geology. The same laws of heat, gravitation, and chemical affinities already observed in the laboratory and at work in present changes, must guide us in this inquiry. We think that here the usual brevity of Mrs. Somerville might have been abandoned. The form of the land and its elevation is next taken up, and the different ranges of mountains are traversed, and the heights given; in this way a bird's-eye view of the great mountain regions and plateaus is obtained, but on so great a scale that the imagination could alone follow the swift description. One observation as to the slope of mountains will, we doubt not, be considered surprising.

"In the whole range of the Alps there is not a single rock which has 1600 feet of perpendicular height or a vertical slope of 90°. The declivity of Mont Blanc towards the Allée Blanche, precipitous as it seems, does not amount to 45°; and the mean inclination of the Peak of Teneriffe, ac-

cording to Baron Humboldt, is only 12° 30'. The Silla of Caracas, which rises precipitously from the Caribbean Sea, at an angle of 53° 28', to the height of between six and seven thousand feet, is a majestic instance of the nearest approach to perpendicularity of any great height yet known."

The description of the land ends among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and the two great classes of the groups, and the separation by their means of the vast and alternating regions of elevation and subsidence beneath that great expanse of water is peculiarly full of instruction.

THE ATOLLS.

"It is a singular circumstance arising from the instability of the crust of the earth, that, with only three or four exceptions, all the smaller tropical islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans are either volcanic or coralline, except New Caledonia and the Seychelles; and it is a startling fact, that in most cases where there are volcanoes, the land is rising by slow and almost imperceptible degrees above the ocean, whereas there is every reason to believe that these vast spaces studded with coral islands or atolls are actually sinking below it, and have been for ages.

"An atoll or lagoon island consists of a chaplet or ring of coral inclosing a lagoon, or portion of the ocean, in its centre. The average breadth of the part of the ring above the surface of the sea is about a quarter of a mile, oftener less, and it seldom rises higher than from six to ten or twelve feet above the waves. Hence the lagoon islands are not discernible at a very small distance, unless when they are covered with the cocoa-nut, palm, or the pandana. On the outer side this ring or circle shelves down to the distance of 100 or 200 yards from its edge, so that the sea gradually deepens to twenty-five fathoms, beyond which the sides plunge at once into the unfathomable depths of the ocean, with a more rapid descent than the cone of any volcano. Even at the small distance of some hundred yards no bottom has been found with a sounding line a mile and a half long.

"On the lagoon side where the water is calm, the bounding ring or reef shelves into it by a succession of ledges, also of living coral, though not of the same species with those which build the exterior wall and the foundations of the whole ring.

"The coral is of the most varied and delicate structure, and of the most beautiful tints. Dark brown, vivid green, rich purple, pink, deep blue, peach-color, yellow, with dazzling white contrasted with deep shadows, shine through the limpid water; while fish of the most gorgeous hues swim among the branching coral, which are of many different kinds, though all combine in the structure of these singular islands.

"There are strong reasons for believing that a continent once occupied a great part of the tropical Pacific, some part of which subsided by slow and imperceptible degrees. As portions of it gradually sank down below the surface of the deep, the tops of mountains and table-lands would remain as islands of different magnitude and elevation, and would form archipelagoes elongated in the direction of the mountain chains. Now the coral-insect which constructs the outward wall and mass of the reef never builds laterally, and cannot exist at a greater depth than twenty-five or thirty fathoms. Hence, if it began to lay the foundations of its reef on the submerged flanks of an island, it would be obliged to build its wall upwards in proportion as the island sank down, so that at length a lagoon would be formed between it and the land. As the subsidence continued, the lagoon would increase, the island would diminish, and the base of the coral reef would sink deeper and deeper, while the insects would keep its top just below the surface of the ocean, till at length the island would entirely disappear, and a perfect atoll would be left."

Vast areas of the Pacific Ocean are occu-

pied by these areas of subsidence, no volcanic islands exist within many hundred miles of these atolls, and on many of these volcanic islands may be observed a succession of fringes of dead coral marking as many eras of successive elevation, and indicating by the remains of the same animal a reversal in the operations of natural causes.

After thus disposing of the land and its elevated tracts of chains and plateaus, the watery surface of the globe is reviewed in the same rapid and glancing manner. The ocean, its inland seas, its great currents or oceanic rivers, and last, the rivers of the land are described.

The atmosphere, as the theatre for the display of magnetic and electrical effects and the medium of heat and light, together with meteorology, might have occupied a few more pages of the condensed style of the authoress. In the *Cosmos* a much greater proportionate space is given to the considerations of climate and changes of moisture, heat, and wind, so important in reference to the condition of man.

The distribution of plants and animals is governed by peculiar laws. Oftentimes a species is confined within very narrow limits, while again others are widely diffused. It seems as if each species had had its own centre of production, while at the same time regions separated by seas or mountains, and maintaining throughout their extent certain conditions of moisture and temperature, will possess a flora and fauna of distinctive character. And where similar conditions of heat and climate repeat themselves in distant countries, species that reflect each other without being identical, more especially in the vegetable kingdom, display the infinite variety and the wondrous harmony of the laws of the Creator.

The description of the vegetation of the Cape of Good Hope, furnishes a good sample of the manner in which Mrs. Somerville has treated this part of her subject.

FLORA OF THE CAPE.

"The soil is frequently composed of sand and clay; in summer it is dry and parched, and most of its rivers are dried up; it bears but a few stunted shrubs, some succulent plants and mimosas, along the margin of the river courses. The sudden effect of rain on the parched ground is like magic; it is recalled to life, and in a short time is decked with a beautiful and peculiar vegetation, comprehending, more than any other country, numerous and distinctly defined foci of genera and species.

"Twelve thousand species of plants have been collected in the colony of the Cape, in an extent of country about equal to Germany. Of these heaths and proteas are two very conspicuous tribes; there are 300 species of the former and 200 of the latter, both of which have nearly the same limited range, though Mr. Bunbury found two heaths, and the protea cynaroides, the most splendid of the family, bearing a flower the size of a man's hat, on the hills round Graham's Town, in the eastern part of the colony. These two tribes of plants are so limited that there is not one of either to be seen north of the mountains which bound the Great Karoo, and by much the greatest number of them grow within one hundred miles of Cape Town; indeed at the distance of only forty miles the prevailing proteaceæ are different from those at the Cape. The leucodendron argenteum, or silver tree, which forms groves at the back of the Table Mountain, is confined to the peninsula of the Cape. The beautiful disa grandiflora is found only in one particular place, on the top of the Table Mountain."

We entertain the hope that Mrs. Somerville's work, or some other based upon it, will

be taken as a text book for the use of schools; for it cannot be but the panoramic displays of Nature will interest the young in the pursuit of this deeply important science.

But this goodly frame of earth, with its countless species of animal and vegetable life, is very inferior to Man, for, for him they were made, and to him they were given. In respect of the physical wants and the social development of our race, the earth becomes an object of high moral interest. Here the question arises, where and under what conditions is man happiest, and human society best ordered? To solve it requires the comparison and analysis of that information we have derived from observation. And it is this which forms the material of Prof. Guyot's lectures.

The principle of unity as a foundation for knowledge is indispensable; that exchange of relations which knits the parts of the world together, Prof. Guyot calls the *Life of the Globe*.

The influence of some of these relations on climate are brought forward with great force by the Author in the introduction.

CLIMATIC RELATIONS.

"Is the question of the forms of contour? Nothing characterizes Europe better than the variety of its indentations, of its peninsulas, of its islands. Suppose, for a moment, that beautiful Italy, Greece with its entire Archipelago, were added to the central mass of the continent, and augmented Germany or Russia by the number of square miles they contain; this change of form would not give us another Germany, but we should have an Italy and a Greece the less. Unite with the body of Europe all its islands and peninsulas into one compact mass, and instead of this continent, so rich in various elements, you will have a New Holland with all its uniformity.

"Do we look to the forms of relief, of height? Is it a matter of indifference whether an entire country is elevated into the dry and cold regions of the atmosphere, like the central table land of Asia, or is placed on the level of the ocean? See, under the same sky, the warm and fertile plains of Hindostan, adorned with the brilliant vegetation of the tropics, and the cold and desert plateaus of Upper Tibet; compare the burning region of Vera Cruz and its fevers, with the lofty plains of Mexico and its perpetual spring; the immense forests of the Amazon, where vegetation puts forth all its splendors, and the desolate paramos of the summits of the Andes, and you have the answer.

"And the relative position? Is it not to their position that the three peninsulas of the south of Europe owe their mild and soft climate, their lovely landscape, their numerous relations, and their common life? Is it not to their situation that the two great peninsulas of India owe their rich nature, and the conspicuous part which one of them at least has played in all ages? Place them on the north of their continents, Italy and Greece become a Scandinavia, and India a Kamtschatka.

"All Europe owes its temperate atmosphere to its position relatively to the great marine and atmospheric currents, and to the vicinity of the burning regions of Africa. Place it at the east of Asia, it will be only a frozen peninsula.

"Suppose that the Andes, transferred to the eastern coast of South America, hindered the trade wind from bearing the vapors of the ocean into the interior of the continent, and the plains of the Amazon and of Paraguay would be nothing but a desert.

"In the same manner, if the Rocky Mountains bordered the eastern coast of North America, and closed against the nations of the East and of Europe the entrance to the rich valley of the Mississippi; or if this immense chain extended from east to west across the northern part of this continent, and barred the passage of the polar winds which now rush unobstructed over these vast plains; let us say even less; if, preserving all the

great present features of this continent, we suppose only that the interior plains were slightly inclined towards the north, and that the Mississippi emptied into the Frozen Ocean, who does not see that in these various cases, the relations of warmth and moisture, the climate, in a word, and with it, the vegetation and the animal world, would undergo the most important modifications, and that these changes of form and of relative position would have an influence greater still upon the destinies of human societies, both in the present and in the future?"

It will be remembered that these views as to the modification of the climate of the globe, by distributing the land and water now near the tropics and then in the polar regions, were first brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell in his *Geology*: if high table lands and mountains at the poles existed, he explained from the difference in climate observed at different points of our present land, the probability that icebergs and frost might invade and perhaps permanently cover the equatorial sea, and a world of winter would be the consequence; on the contrary, if the land were disposed in a great equatorial belt, a soft and equable climate would be felt over the summer seas, even to the poles. Our present continents and oceans are so disposed as to avoid the polar frost of one of these positions, and the more than African heats of the other. The Oceanic hemisphere is turned towards the frozen land of the Antarctic pole, while Africa supplies by the Atlantic and Northern Ocean, heat to the greater portion of the continental hemisphere.

The great slopes of the land would seem to belong to the same system of adaptation.

"All the long and gentle slopes descend towards the Atlantic and towards the Frozen Ocean, which is only a dependence of it; all the short and rapid slopes, or counter-slopes, are directed towards the Pacific Ocean and towards the Indian Ocean, which is its continuation.

"In this point of view, these two great oceans appear as two basins of different geological character. The Pacific Ocean seems an immense basin sunk in, the broken and elevated edges of which present on all sides the abrupt terminations of the continents."

The three Northern Continents, Asia, Europe, and North America, belong respectively to the past, the present, and the future, and in their configuration they partake of such a character as would suit them to respective advances in civilization of very different eras.

"The Old World, as we have learned from the study of its reliefs, is that of table lands and mountains. No continent exhibits plateaus so elevated, so numerous, so extensive, as Asia and Africa. Instead of one or two chains of mountains, like the Andes, Central Asia is traversed by four immense chains, which support vast table lands of from 5,000 to 14,000 feet in elevation, and the loftiest mountains of the globe.

"The extent of this elevated region is more than 2,400 miles long, by 1,500 miles broad. The principal mass of Western Asia is nothing but a plateau, from three to six thousand feet in height.

"The New World, on the other hand, is the world of plains. They form two-thirds of its surface; the plateaus and the mountains, only one-third. The high lands form only a narrow band, jammed upon the western coast of the two continents. Almost the whole East runs into immense plains, which cover it, one might say, from pole to pole. From the Frozen Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, over an extent of nearly 2,400 miles, we cross only insignificant heights."

The poor and weak tribes of early times would seek refuge and cultivate the slopes of the vast Asiatic chains, or wander as shep-

herds over the great plateaus, but the incessant wars and imperfect civilization of the nations who inhabited the banks of the Euphrates or the Ganges, would have left them a prey to the warlike hosts collected from the rude and poor inhabitants of the hills, themselves the forced soldiery of a despot and conqueror. Up to the time of the fall of the Roman Empire, the plateaus and mountainous regions of the Carpathians, the Alps, and Spain, furnished a miserable subsistence to a rude and warlike people, while the civilization of Greece and Rome soon shared the fate of that of Assyria. America is only suited to a people at peace among themselves; the element of peace must be here, discordant nations would soon reduce themselves to utter ruin on the banks and within the Valley of the Mississippi; and even divided though peaceful nations would be an inconvenience to each other where nature had thus imperatively bidden them to be united.

After contrasting the inhabitants of Asia and Europe with the barbarous races of the Southern continents, Prof. Guyot proceeds to trace the actual history of mankind and the successive attempts at civilization within the limits of the two Northern Continents of the Old World.

THE THREE HISTORICAL CONTINENTS.

"The true Western Asia, the Asia of history, is reduced thus to a plateau flanked by two plains. Add the Soristan, which connects it with Egypt and this last mentioned country, and you will have all the great countries of civilization of the centre of this continent: on the north, the nomads of the steppes of the Caspian; on the south, the nomads of Arabia and its deserts form the natural limits of the civilized world of these countries. Compared with the East, the areas are less vast, the reliefs less elevated, the nature less continental—notwithstanding its more central position—the contrasts less strongly pronounced, the whole more accessible.

"Here, as we have said, is the original country of the white race, the most perfect in body and mind. If, taking tradition for our guide, we follow step by step the march of the primitive nations, as we ascend to their point of departure, it is at the very centre of this plateau that they irresistibly lead us. Now, it is in this central part also, in Upper Armenia and in Persia, if you remember, that we find the purest type of the historical nations. Thence we behold them descend into the arable plains, and spread towards all the quarters of the horizon. The ancient people of Assyria and Babylonia pass down the Euphrates and the Tigris into the plains of the South, and there unfold, perhaps the most ancient of all human civilization. First, the Zend nation dwells along the Araxes, then, by the road of the plateau, proceeds to found, in the plains of the Oxus, one of the most remarkable and the most mysterious of the primitive communities of Asia. A branch of the same people, or a kindred people—the intimate connexion of their language confirms it—descends into India, and there puts forth that brilliant and flourishing civilization of the Brahmins, of which we have already spoken. Arabia and the North of Africa receive their inhabitants by Soristan; South Europe, perhaps, by the same routes, through Asia Minor; the North, finally, through the Caucasus, whence issue in succession, the Celts, the Germans, and many other tribes, who hold in reserve their native vigor for the future destinies of this continent. There then is the cradle of the white race at least—of the historical people—if it is not that of all mankind.

"The civilizations of Western Asia also, as well as those of Eastern Asia, spring up in the alluvial plains, which are easily tilled, and alike connect themselves with the great rivers, and not, as in Europe, with the seas. The plains of Babylonia and of Bactriana are continental, and not

maritime, like India and China. The contrasts of nature are still strongly expressed, but yet less so than in the East. There are still vast spaces, and consequently vast states. The religious, the political and social condition of the people, still betray the influence of a nature which man has not yet succeeded in overmastering.

"Europe, in her turn, has a character quite special, the principal features of which we have already pointed out. Although constructed upon the same fundamental plan with the two Asias, it is only the peninsular headland of all this continent. Here are no more of those gigantesque forms of Eastern Asia, no more of those boundless spaces, no more of those obstacles against which the forces of man are powerless, of those contrasts which sunder the opposite natures, even to incompatibility. The areas contract and shrink; the plateaus and the mountains are lowered; the continent opens on all sides. None of those mortal deserts to cross, none of those impassable mountain chains, which imprison the nations. From the foot of Italy to the head of Cape North, from the coasts of the Atlantic to the shores of the Caspian, there is no obstacle which a little art may not overcome without much effort. The whole continent is more accessible; it seems more wieldy, better fashioned for man."

"America, finally, the third continent of the North, presents itself to us under an aspect entirely different. We are already acquainted with its structure, founded on a plan widely departing from that of Asia-Europe; we know that its characteristic is simplicity, unity. Add to this feature its vast extents, its fruitful plains, its numberless rivers, the prodigious facility of communication, nowhere impeded by serious obstacles, its oceanic position, finally, and we shall see that it is made, not to give birth and growth to a new civilization, but to receive one ready-made, and to furnish forth for man, whose education the Old World has completed, the most magnificent theatre, the scene most worthy of his activity. It is here that all the peoples of Europe may meet together, with room enough to move in; may commingle their efforts and their gifts, and carry out upon a scale of grandeur hitherto unknown, the life-giving principle of modern times—the principle of free association."

The destiny of man, to be complete, must embrace the subjugation of those regions of exuberant fertility within the tropics, so long the seat of barbarism or imperfect development. But these regions can only yield their full treasures to systematic cultivation; and through the same means the dark woods and morasses that at present occupy vast areas where malaria brings death to all but the native, may be swept away, and the health of future inhabitants secured. In the settlement of all new countries the same process of gradual amelioration in salubrity takes place as would follow the introduction of civilization and organized labor into the forests of the tropics. Man, and many of his attendant animals, have a power of adapting themselves almost unlimitedly to any degree of heat. In reference to this subject Prof. Guyot makes the following remark:

DESTINY OF THE SOUTHERN CONTINENTS.

"The three continents of the South, outcasts in appearance,—can they have been destined to an eternal isolation, doomed never to participate in that higher life of humanity, the sketch of which we have traced? and shall those gifts which nature bestows on them with lavish hand, remain unused? No, gentlemen, such a doom cannot be in the plans of God. But the races inhabiting them are captives in the bonds of all powerful nature; they will never break down the fences that sunder them from us. It is for us, the favored races, to go to them. Tropical nature cannot be conquered and subdued, save by civilized man, armed with all the

might of discipline, intelligence, and of skilful industry. It is, then, from the northern continents that those of the south await their deliverance; it is by the help of the civilized men of the temperate continents that it shall be vouchsafed to the man of the tropical lands to enter into the movement of universal progress and improvement, wherein mankind should share."

The work of Guyot is full of hopeful anticipations, and the most benevolent and Christian spirit, and we greatly admire the ingenuity with which he points out the connexion between the physical features of a continent and the destiny and history of its inhabitants, while at the same time inculcating the great lesson that man is to be not the slave, but the master and husbandman of the earth.

In connexion with the subject of Physical Geography, we think that a special work on the Geography of this country might be compiled with singular profit. The Coast Survey will furnish many important facts as to the hydrography of the coast and its meteorology. The numerous State Geological Surveys, and the travels of such men as Sir Charles Lyell, through the country, together with the reports sent to the Patent Office, principally in reference to Agriculture, might complete the sources of this compilation. We have learned much, too, of the region of the Rocky Mountains from the explorations of Fremont and others, and California will furnish her quota of observers and material for such a work. A suggestion bearing on the same subject was lately made in the *Courier and Enquirer* to establish a Geographical Society in this city. This would tend to collect a nucleus of books for students, and disseminate discoveries in the great field of this branch of natural science. It is our duty not to be behindhand in the cultivation of that knowledge which will most surely advance us to the greatness to which our situation and the configuration of our territories would seem to call us.

AMERICAN EPIC.

Liberty's Triumph. A Poem. By Robert W. Landis. New York: John Wiley.

No American Citizen will venture to deny that the Revolution deserves an Epic, equally with the siege of Troy or the founding of Rome. Considering, too, how rapidly its incidents and memories are becoming classical and antiquated in these days, when a single week puts the world further on than a century used to, no one will question the propriety of treating the heroes of '76 and the Continental Congress as equally the subjects of the Epic Muse with the regiments of Hector or the Council of the Greeks. It may be a question whether the same standard of poetic excellence ought to be applied to the productions of such very dissimilar periods; whether in view of the remote and comparatively uninteresting character of the themes of the earlier epics, a higher degree of inspiration was not an absolute necessity to their success, obviously not demanded in the treatment of a subject where patriotism is always at hand to supply any deficiencies of poetry.

The Author of the "*Triumph of Liberty*" decides this question in his own favor, and evidently relies on the advantage. Homer, he tells us in his "*Induction*," did very well in the item of versification, but the great difficulty he had to contend with was his subject.

"The blind old man of Chios proudly boasts
That no one e'er shall equal him in song.
And *ἦτοι καὶ βοῶσι* who'll
Or *δαίμων* γέλασα hope
To rival; or the witchings equalled ne'er
Of his Hellenian numbers? Yet a theme

Is mine, transcending his as far as does
In soul enkindling melody of sound,
His idiom so divine all other tongues:
And if but sung in numbers that shall wake
The heart to sympathy, I'll envy ne'er
His monuments of fame by ages piled."

With this vindication of his subject and an apology for the necessity of considerable bloodshed in the course of a description of an eight years' war, the author starts with the indispensable "*Invocation*"—then grapples with his subject, begins at the beginning, i. e. the period

"When bold Columbus had the Western world
Thro' aidance of the fair Iberian Queen discovered."

And then, hardly stopping to take breath at Plymouth Rock, pushes on to his main design, and from the Battle of Lexington to the Surrender of Yorktown reproduces the whole Revolution in the Twenty-nine books of his Epic, Washington of course is the hero. The author, however, instead of introducing him with any of the fictitious machinery in which poets are so apt to indulge in bringing their main character upon the stage, slips him in very quietly during a debate in the Continental Congress, in the course of a speech made by John Adams, as follows:—

—"But, sir, there is an officer to whom
The eyes of numbers have directed been
Full long. Nor can objection none be urged
On any ground. The man I mean
Was reared amongst us; in our wars has fought.
And e'en in youth a character acquired
For prowess high and martial enterprise
Which ne'er has youth in England yet attained,
Provoking emulative jealousy
In Albion's haughty officers themselves.

He's known in all our States, and all revere him;
And all our colonies will him intrust
Enthusiastically with the war.
Permit me, sir, to mention Washington,
Who represents Virginia on this floor!"

We shall not undertake to criticise Mr. Landis's poem. In fact, we feel ourselves entirely inadequate to the task. Early in the season we recollect seeing a great many publications announced as books that people "should carry with them into the country." An Epic of 20,000 lines in twenty-nine books is a work which a man ought to carry with him into winter quarters and devote himself to from the Fall Equinox to the Spring. We know of no way in which the requisite degree of critical calibre can be brought to bear upon *Liberty's Triumph*, unless the book is referred to a Select Committee of the Historical Society with unlimited discretion. As to the result, we have little doubt that the poem would be reported on, at least, as "a valuable contribution to American History."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome, &c., by the Rev. HOBART SEYMOUR, A.M. (HARPER & BROTHERS.)—The author of this work to all appearance is a respectable English country clergyman, of the Low Church or Evangelical party; comfortable in his circumstances, confirmed in his convictions, and well entrenched by education and habit, in all the peculiar "insularity" which Englishmen carry about with them to every clime and country. About five years since (as we gather from the context, for there is not a date in the volume), Mr. Seymour made a long visit to Rome, and there with laudable professional spirit took great interest in the Ecclesiastical concerns of that city. This being noticed gave rise to the impression that he was inquiring with a view to a change in his Religion, and he naturally came in contact with some Ecclesiastics who were interested in forwarding such a change. Disingenuously (to say the least) this impression was carried on by Mr. Seymour as a means of discovering the weak points of his Papal friends,

and what are pompously called "Conversations with the Jesuits," are merely memoranda of conversations at morning calls, when Mrs. Seymour was generally present, and in fact was so much a part of them, that we think she has reason to complain of the omission of her name on the title-page. Having at first committed himself by creating a false impression, the author was prevented from righting it by the fear of instant deportation from Rome if the truth was discovered, and it is amusing to see the solemnity and importance which the fancied danger assumes in his eyes. Theologically speaking, these conferences are of no value. The author, an English Churchman, is so ignorant as to be unacquainted with the claims and pretensions of his own church, and fails to see that most of his arguments against the Romish Church are equally damaging to his own denomination. We can scarcely call this book an honest one; it may please the few who see things through the narrow evangelical spectacles of the author.

Outlines of Astronomy, by HERSCHEL (LEA & BLANCHARD).—Herschel's explanatory scientific treatise on Astronomy, published originally in 1833 in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, was reprinted in this country, and adopted in our colleges and higher classes of instruction as a text book. The present work is an extension of that treatise remodelled, with the addition of much new matter; and the portions relating to the lunar and planetary perturbations, to which the author calls attention as the chief novelty, entirely rewritten. The lapse of time since the first publication, with the brilliant discoveries in this science, in which the author himself has borne a distinguished part, measure the worth of the new volume. On another page we have traced some of those studies and investigations which have created a new science of geography; it is curious to add to them the deductions from known laws and from observation which extend our view to "the physical peculiarities and probable condition of the several planets,"—to note the consequences of a solar radiation seven times greater on Mercury than on the Earth, and three hundred and thirty times less on Uranus; or of Saturn, with hardly one-eighth of the mean density of the earth, "consisting of materials not much heavier than cork." There is Mars "with an ochrey tinge in the general soil, like what the red sandstone districts on the Earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars, only more decided," accounting for his fiery appearance. There are also seas, or what may reasonably be thought so, and snow at the poles; indeed, the materials under a powerful telescope for a highly respectable chart! Jupiter exults in his moons and Saturn in his rings. There is even suspicion of a ring about Neptune. A man on Vesta or Pallas might spring sixty feet high as easily and as harmlessly as an Earthian can jump a single yard. As Herschel suggests, a splendid country for a giant. For illustration of that part of the Universe which is within our ken, take this passage:—"Choose any well-levelled field or bowling-green. On it, place a globe, two feet in diameter; this will represent the sun; Mercury will be represented by a grain of mustard seed, on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus a pea on a circle 284 feet in diameter; the Earth also a pea, on a circle of 430 feet; Mars a rather large pin's head, on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, grains of sand, in orbits of from 1,000 to 1,200 feet; Jupiter a moderate-sized orange, in a

circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn a small orange, on a circle of four-fifths of a mile; Uranus a full-sized cherry, or small plum, upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half, and Neptune a good-sized plum, on a circle two miles and a half in diameter." Thus clearly are some of the popular illustrations given; it is, however, in the scientific explanations of processes rather than in the exhibition of results for mere wonderment, that the chief value of the *Outlines* lies. A review of Sir John Herschel's *Astronomical Observations at the Cape*, 1834—38, with an incidental notice of his career, appeared in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, to which we may refer the reader as a profitable Appendix to a portion of the present volume.

The pioneer of the American tribe of Annuals, bearing the round date, 1850, is the *POET'S OFFERING*, edited by SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, and published by GRIGG, ELLIOTT & CO., Philadelphia. It is a book of poetical quotations of considerable extent, alphabetically arranged from Absence to Zeal, and ranging in the authors from Spenser to Rufus Dawes. The quotations are brief, which allows them to be very numerous. Of course such a work is more or less miscellaneous in its character; though it might vary in this respect according to the peculiarity or diversity of the tastes of the compiler. Charles Lamb's Selections from the Old Dramatists is a miscellany, but of the strictest unity. A certain vein runs through the whole of it. Mrs. Hale, always reserving the point of good morality, has allowed the most catholic license to ancients and moderns, English and Americans. The work is largely compiled from the latter. At times such a book may be taken up with profit, and it will undoubtedly serve its purpose as an annual designed to be of as much value for the second as for the first year. There is a portrait of Mrs. Hale, on which more labor might profitably have been expended, and a number of mezzotints of which we can say little for the design or execution. The work appears well printed and the paper is excellent.

Innocence of Childhood, by Mrs. COLMAN, Author of the *Lu Lu Books*, &c. (APPLETONS).—This little book is in the good school cultivated of late years so successfully by the Howitts and Andersens—simple, natural, and not the less impressive on the youthful mind. It is a collection of stories and verses which mutually illustrate the author's refined text, the innocence of childhood. Mecta will, we think, engage the attention with its picture of the Sunday, the storm and the rural scenes—The Fisherman's Daughter has a hopeful and imaginative view of Death, in which the illustration of the soul's flight by the passage of a bird, so beautifully handled by the poet Vaughan, is happily introduced. The motto from Richter indicates the writer's feeling in approaching her subject:

As the smallest planets
Are nearest to the sun,
So are little children
Nearest to God.

The Child's First History of Rome, by E. M. SEWELL, Author of *Amy Herbert*. APPLETONS.—An American preface reminds the public how exclusively the preparation of books of information for the young is the work of late years. It has employed the attention of some of the best minds, as Walter Scott, Lamb, Hawthorne, Marryatt, and others; and this use of the intellect has probably had a

favorable reaction on the maturer works of those authors for older heads. Miss SEWELL's is a clearly written narrative of the Events of Roman History through the days of the Emperors from Romulus himself, a portion of which by the way has been gone over very skilfully lately by Mr. ABBOTT, in his *History of Julius Cæsar*, a work of similar general plan. Miss SEWELL's book has a religious design which is kept in mind by occasional direct references to sacred things.

The Mechanic's Assistant, by D. M. KNAPPEN, from the press of the Messrs. APPLETONS, is a compact collection of mathematical information, rules in mensuration, and tables connected with the arts, designed to be of use to practical men. This house have already, in their republication of Ure's Dictionary, done much in extending accurate scientific knowledge among our ingenious mechanics. The Dictionary of Machines, soon to be published by the same house, is a work of even more importance than Ure, and its publication in numbers will be convenient to many who take an interest in these pursuits.

The Mendelssohn Collection of Sacred Music, by HASTINGS & BRADBURY (NEWMAN & Co.), embraces many new themes, the fruit of the musical travels of one of the compilers in Germany. Many of these are the composition of the great master after whom the volume is named. We hail every new indication of increased cultivation in musical education, and hope that parents will direct the attention of children as early as possible to this delightful and humanizing art. The little collection of easy songs under the title of *Juvenile Oratorio*, by J. C. JOHNSON (WILKINS, CARTER & Co., Boston), designed for floral and other concerts, is well calculated to please and awaken in children an interest in musical reading.

Pastoral Reminiscences; by SHEPHERD K. KOLLOCK. (M. W. DODD).—This book is put forward as a series of "cases," something in the style of, or rather in sign of the want of, the old casuistry divinity—a number of religious narratives of conversion being given in several chapters, as the Devout Widow, the Scottish Seaman, the Naval Apostate, &c. It belongs to the Evangelical Protestant School, with which the public is familiar in numerous tracts.

MR. WILEY has added to his stock of publications on Hydropathy CAPTAIN CLARIDGE'S *Cold Water, Tepid Water, and Friction Cure*. It is, as usual with these books, a panacea, and self-administered, with the dangerous motto, "Every man his own doctor," and professes to be applicable to the cure of horses and cattle, as well as of all men, women, and children. It is only in the simplest forms and for the simplest cases that Hydropathy can be thus used with safety. Even those disposed to practise the remedy should consult some reliable professor of the art, who may test the application of the particular cases upon which Capt. Claridge builds so confidently.

Angel Voices; or Words of Counsel for Overcoming the World, is the title of a neatly printed pocket volume from the press of TICKNOR & Co., Boston. It is a collection of prose sentences, each one of which is prefaced with the word Remember, and terminates with a practical quotation. It contains many striking admonitory and consolatory thoughts from various writers of great diversity of character,

with several selections of minor poems at the end, among which we notice the Rev. Ralph Hoyt's "Old."

BRADLEY & ANTHONY, Cincinnati, have published a second and improved edition of SHATTUCK'S *Columbian Drawing Book*. It is handsomely printed, with a series of progressive exercises in lithographic drawings, and explanatory letter-press. A good suggestion, of the availability of this study, is thrown out in the preface, in the variety it affords when introduced among youthful studies, and its conversion of the usual much punished habit of scrawling figures into positive pleasure and profit. Its aid to geography and to the mathematics is obvious, as well as to a thousand useful purposes in every walk of life. The first and second books of *Winchester's Drawing series* (PARSONS & Co., Hartford) are admirable in their gradual introduction to the mysteries of perspective through the easy elements of the capital letters of the alphabet. They are excellent supplements to the common "copy-book."

Original Poetry.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

As yestereve I rested from my toil,
And scanned the spectral shadows of the Past,
Remembrance rested on a land remote.

A golden evening in a smiling vale,
With hosts of antique villages bedecked,
And sheltered from rude storms by pine-clad hills.

The chapel bells inviting men to prayer;
Sweet vesper hymns from voices old and young,
Borne by kind breezes to the distant ear.

Beneath an aged tree, with moss o'ergrown,
A youthful Pilgrim from a sterner clime
Thoughtfully gazing on the peaceful scene.

A being cold and grave, unknowing love;
An unbeliever in the poet's fire,
And viewing Nature with a frosty eye.

A sudden change—expansion of the soul;
An inspiration fresh as mountain air;
An artless song poured freely from the heart.

A new-born rapture in that wintry breast;
A feeling soaring far beyond the earth;
Appalling darkness changed to cheerful light.

The grateful Pilgrim kneeling on the sod,
Too full of joy to wing his thanks with words;
Angels on high rejoicing o'er the saved.

GEORGE M. RADCLIFF.

THE WAKER.

[From KARL SIMROCK'S "Rheinsagen." Being the German "Folktales" or popular mediæval version of the ballad of the "Sleeping Beauty," containing the germ and substance of all subsequent treatments of the subject.]

I.
Far in the tangled forest deeps,
A hundred years the maiden sleeps;
Sleep the flies upon the wall,
Sleep steed and hound in silence all,
Sleeps the fire within the hall.

II.
Quickly the knight his sword has drawn,
He cuts his way through briar and thorn,
Through palace gate and court he flies,
And by her bed with eager eyes,
He stoops to kiss her where she lies!

III.
See from sleep the maiden spring,
Give to him her golden ring;
Wake the flies upon the wall,
Wake steed and hound from silence all,
The fire is blazing in the hall!

W. A. B.

HOPE EVER.

HOPE ever, never despair;
Dark thy sky? the sooner fair,
Long thy path? the end is near,
Rich meadows fringe the desert drear.

Over thy pallid brow
Is sorrow's shadow cast?
Are all thy young joys now
Chilled by misfortune's blast?

Do friends from kindness swerve,
Or has thy Love grown cold?
No tears false friends deserve,
False love were better told.

To all below are given
Both misery and bliss,
Who bend their thoughts towards Heaven
That know but happiness?

Look upward, onward still,
Bright days hast thou in store,
The heart's glad sunshine will
Gild thy sad brow once more.

Hope ever, never despair,
Dark thy sky? the sooner fair,
Long thy path? the end is near,
Rich meadows fringe the desert drear.

P. P.

Chips from the Library;

A MISCELLANY OF
FACTS, FANCY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

A GOOD translation, says Dryden, in one of his sterling prose Prefaces, involves three things, first, a knowledge of the original language, secondly, the ability to write English, and third, the power to infuse character into the composition. As examples of this triple felicity, we may safely take two very different passages, one by Dryden himself, and another by Cowley. They are neither of them literal translations or paraphrases, but reproductions and continuations of the thought, in the very spirit of the authors. The one is more Horatian for the moment, if possible, than Horace; the other, losing none of the sweetness and grace, is an ornamented embellishment of Catullus. For the sake of rising in dignity, and relieving prettiness by vigor, we place the latter first. The Watteau-ish effect of the little Loves hovering about and bowing, is an addition of Cowley.

ODE.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS, OUT OF CATULLUS.

Whilst on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest),
Acme leaned her loving head,
Thus the pleased Septimius said.
My dearest Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee,
With a passion far above
All that e'er was called love,
In a Libyan desert may
I become some lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breast, when Acme is not there.

The God of Love, who stood to hear him
(The God of Love was always near him),
Pleased and tickled with the sound,
Sneezed aloud; and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bowed and blessed the Augury.
Acme, inflamed with what he said,
Reared her gently-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and thrice could scarce suffice),
She kissed his drunken, rolling eyes.

My little life, my all (said she),
So may we ever servants be

To this blest god, and ne'er retain
Our hated Liberty again;
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceived by thee, a man.
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fixed and settled in the bone,
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs like life through ev'ry part.
She spoke; the God of Love aloud
Sneezed again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bowed and blessed the Augury.

This good omen, thus from Heav'n,
Like a happy signal giv'n,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne,
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human kind.

If the gods would wish to be
But advised for once by me,
I'd advise 'em, when they spy
Any illustrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she,
To reward him, if it be he,
With such a husband, such a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life.

COWLEY.

The translation from Horace, Dryden, who did not stickle at a bit of criticism on his own writings, considered one of his best poems. It ranks near his song on St. Cecilia's Day and Alexander's Feast. It is a *Pindaric version* of the Ode to Mæcenas, the Twenty-ninth of the first book. The condensation of thought and language of the original keeps pace with the expansion! This is the conclusion:

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate are mine.

Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind
And shakes the wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail
Contemning all the blustering roar;

And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek:
And see the storm ashore.

A SMALL POET

"Is one that would fain make himself that which Nature never meant him. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him; and his vein is but an itch that he has caught of others: and his flame like that of charcoals, that were burnt before: but as he wants judgment to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unequal and troublesome in him; for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wits by their modesty, and his own by his confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. * * * His greediness of praise is so eager that he swallows anything that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against anything that may lessen his good opinion of himself—this renders him incurable as diseases that grow insensible.

"If you dislike him it is at your peril; he is sure to put in a caveat beforehand against your understanding; and, like a malefactor in wit, is always furnished with exceptions against his judges. * * * Observation and fancy, the matter and form of just wit, are above his philosophy. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him."—"Characters," by the author of *Hudibras*.

THE POLITICAL CHARLATAN.

"He builds governments in the air, and shapes them with his fancy, as men do figures in the clouds. He is a great lover of his own imaginations, which he calls his country; and is very much for obedience to his own sense, but not further. * * * He is so much a fool, that like the dog in the fable, he loses his real liberty, to enjoy the shadow of it; for the more he studies to dislike the government he lives under, the further he is off his real freedom. While he is modelling of governments, he forgets that no government was ever made by model; for they are not built as houses are, but grow as trees do. And as some trees thrive best in one soil, some in another; so do governments, but none equally in any, but all generally where they are most naturally produced. * * * He has not judgment enough to observe, that all models of governments are merely Utopian, that have no territory but in books, nor subjects but in hot heads and strong fancies. * * * Sure, 'tis a very politic thing to wish, and great wisdom is required to fancy properly, and contrive judiciously what might be, if all things would but fall out as they ought, and Fate were as wise as it should be."—*Ibid.*

A FRENCH COOK'S LOVE STRATEGY.

"I declared myself to her," said Alcide, laying his hand on his heart, "in a manner which was as novel as I am charmed to think it was agreeable. Where cannot love penetrate, respectable Madame Fribsbi? Cupid is the father of invention!—I inquired of the domestics what were the *plats* of which mademoiselle partook with most pleasure; and built up my little battery accordingly. On a day when her parents had gone to dine in the world (and I am grieved to say that a grossier dinner at a restaurateur, in the Boulevard, or in the Palais Royal, seemed to form the delights of these unrefined persons), the charming Miss entertained some comrades of the pension; and I advised myself to send up a little repast suitable to such delicate young palates. Her lovely name is Blanche. The veil of the maiden is white; the wreath of roses which she wears is white. I determined that my dinner should be spotless as the snow. At her accustomed hour, and instead of the rude *gigot à l'eau*, which was ordinarily served at her too simple table, I sent her up a little *potage à la Reine—à la Reine Blanche* I called it,—as white as her own tint—and confectioned with the most fragrant cream and almonds. I then offered up at her shrine a *filet de merlan à l'Agnes*, and a delicate *plat* which I have designated as *Eperlan à la Sainte-Thérèse*, and of which my charming Miss partook with pleasure. I followed this by two little *entrées* of sweetbread and chicken; and the only brown thing which I permitted myself in the entertainment was a little roast of lamb, which I laid in a meadow of spinaches, surrounded with croustillons, representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers. After this came my second service; a pudding *à la Reine Elizabeth* (who, Madame Fribsbi knows, was a maiden princess); a dish of opal-colored plover's eggs, which I called *Nid de tourteraux à la Roucoule*; placing in the midst of them two of those tender volatiles billing each other, and confectioned with butter; a basket containing little *gateaux* of apricots, which I know all young ladies adore; and a jelly of marasquin, bland, insinuating, intoxicating as the glance of beauty. This I designated *Ambroisie de Calypso à la Souveraine de mon Cœur*. And when the ice was brought in—an ice of *plombière* and cherries—how do you think I had shaped them, Madame Fribsbi? In the form of two hearts united with an arrow, on which I had laid, before it entered, a bridal veil in cut paper, surmounted by a wreath of virginal orange flowers. I stood at the door to watch the effect of this entry. It was but one cry of admiration. The three young ladies filled their glasses with the sparkling Ay, and carried me in a toast. I heard it—I heard Miss speak of me—I heard her say, 'Tell Monsieur Mirobolant that we thank him—we admire him—we love him!' My feet almost failed me as she spoke. Since that, can I have any reason to doubt that the young artist has made some progress in the heart of the English Miss? I am modest, but my glass informs me that I am not ill-looking. Other victories have convinced me of the fact."—*Thackeray's Pendennis*.

FOOLS AND KNAVES.

There are more fools than knaves in the world, else the knaves would not have enough to live upon.—*Butler's "Thoughts."*

A "CONCEIT" OF YOUTH.

When I was young I thought all the world as well as myself was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.—*Swift*.

GASPAR BECERRA.

[From "Annals of the Artists of Spain. By WILLIAM STERLING." Lately published in London.]

GASPAR BECERRA, painter, sculptor, and architect, was son of Antonio Becerra and Leonor Padilla, and was born in 1520, at Baeza, in the kingdom of Jaen, revered by Spanish Martyrologists as the birth-place of St. Ursula, and her eleven thousand virgins. He seems to have gone early to Italy, and to have passed many of his best years in study at Rome, where he might have been a scholar of Michael Angelo. Cean Bermudez had seen a pencil sketch by him of part of the "Last Judgment." Amongst the artists who assisted Daniel de Volterra in the embellishment of the Rovere chapel in the church of the Trinità de Monti, Vasari records that "Bizzera the Spaniard" executed a painting of the "Nativity of the Virgin," and that Pellegrino Tibaldi, afterwards famous at the Escorial, was one of his fellow-laborers. He likewise worked under the eye of Vasari himself, who enumerates him and his countryman Rubiales amongst "his young men" who aided him in the historical and allegorical frescos with which he adorned the hall of the Cancellaria in the palace of Cardinal Farnese. Perhaps the young Spaniards may have accompanied their chief to the reunions of the artists and men of letters, which were held at the supper-table of the Cardinal, where a casual remark of "Monsignor Giovin" first suggested to Vasari's mind the idea of writing his delightful "Lives of the Painters." For Dr. Juan de Valverde's work on anatomy, published in 1554, Becerra designed the plates, and he likewise executed about the same time two statues as anatomical studies, of which casts were used as models in the studios. In 1556, he married Doña Paula Velasquez, daughter of a Spaniard of Tordesillas, and soon afterwards returned to Spain.

He remained for some time at Zaragoza, where he lived with the younger Morlanes, the sculptor, to whom he presented some of his drawings, and a small bas-relief in alabaster of the "Resurrection of our Lord," which may still be seen over a tomb in the old Cathedral of the "Seu." It was not long before his abilities became known to Philip II., who took him into his service in 1562, as sculptor, with a yearly salary of 200 ducats, and in August, 1563, named him one of his painters in ordinary, when his salary was raised to 600 ducats. In the Alcazar of Madrid, he painted several corridors and chambers; and, in conjunction with Castello the Bergamese, the king's cabinet in the southern towers, and two adjoining passages,—of which the lower parts, within the reach of hands, had greatly suffered, when Palomino saw them, "from careless sweepers and pranksome pages," and which finally perished in the flames of the palace. Of the chambers which he painted at the Pardo, one survived the fire there, and its frescos, representing the story of Perseus and Andromeda, were praised by Cean Bermudez for their good drawing, spirited attitudes, and noble expression. When the artist was making his designs for the Pardo, the king coming to observe his progress, and finding only a single figure—a Mercury—finished, exclaimed disappointedly, "And is this all you have done!"—"A remark," says Palomino, "which much disconcerted the draughtsman, and proves that kings do not love delay, even when conducing to greater perfection."

Becerra was employed by the Infanta Juana, Princess-Dowager of Brazil, to design

and execute the high altar for the church of the convent of Barefooted nuns, which she founded at Madrid in 1559. It is a chaste structure of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders of architecture, adorned with painted sculptures of the Virgin and angels, and of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Lord, of which the Crucifixion is the best. He also painted several pictures for this and other altars on slabs of marble, which are still to be seen in the church. "His most heroic work of sculpture and the crown of his studies," says Palomino, "was the image of Our Lady, carved for the Queen Isabella of the Peace." This princess bore, it seems, a peculiar affection to the religious order of St. Francis de Paula, to which belonged her confessor, Fray Diego de Valbuena, whom she sent soon after her nuptials with a donation to the friars of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; and upon that monk's representation that his convent was in need of a statue of the Virgin, she ordered her master-of-the-horse, Don Fadrique de Portugal, to cause one to be executed by the best sculptor in Spain. Becerra, being chosen, was instructed to take for his model a picture in the Queen's oratory; and the brotherhood of Fray Diego offered up solemn prayers for the happy conclusion of his labors. Being himself very devoutly inclined towards St. Francis, of whose holy austerities he had heard in the misogynist's native Calabria, he addressed himself to the work with great alacrity and earnestness; but succeeded so ill, that at the end of a year he produced an image which did not satisfy himself, and which was at once rejected by the Queen. His next attempt was better, for it pleased not only Don Fadrique and the friars, but also his artist-friends, who pronounced it worthy of the disciple of Michael Angelo. The Queen, however, decided otherwise, and threatened to employ another hand if he should fail a third time. The Franciscans, therefore, betook themselves to redoubled masses and fasting, and the poor sculptor returned to his studio and racked his memory and imagination for ideas of angelic grace and divine beauty. Sitting one winter's night over his drawings, and fatigued with anxious thought, he fell into a slumber from which he was aroused by an unknown voice saying to him, "Awake and rise, and out of that log of wood blazing on the hearth, shape the thought within thee, and thou shalt obtain the desired image." He immediately bestirred himself, plucked the indicated brand from the burning, and having quenched it, fell to work at dawn; and the auspicious block proving an excellent piece of timber, soon grew beneath his chisel into "a miracle of art," "and became," says Palomino, "the portentous image of Our Lady of Solitude, to this day had in reverence, in which are expressed beauty, grief, love, tenderness, constancy, and resignation, and which, above all, is the refuge of our sorrows, the succor in our ills, the solace of our toil, and the dispenser of heavenly mercies." When the carving was brought to the Queen in 1565, she at last acknowledged that she had been well served, and Becerra was accordingly well paid. The Virgin was dressed by her Majesty in a suit of those doleful weeds, introduced by poor Queen Juana to express her mighty woe at the death of her handsome and worthless lord, and worn by all Castilian widows of rank, until Queen Anna Maria of Newburg, loath to disfigure herself for the sake of the defunct Charles II., had the boldness to set a more becoming

fashion. Thus dismally dressed Our Lady of Solitude presided in her peculiar chapel in the convent of the Minio Fathers at Madrid, and became renowned for her miraculous powers, "which brought her masters much gain." Her history and achievements were printed by Fray Antonio de Arcos in 1640, and she remained, albeit darkened in complexion by time, a star of Castilian devotion till the War of Independence. In that stormy time, it is possible that Becerra's celebrated billet—so exactly realizing the Hebrew prophet's description of the tree-stock "which shall be for a man to burn, whereof he will take and warm himself, and of the residue make a graven image, and fall down thereto,"—after two centuries and a half of worship, may have fulfilled its original destiny, beneath the flesh-pot of some godless dragoon of Murat.

Scientific.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

REMARKS OF MR. EDWARD EVERETT,
AT THE DINNER TABLE AT CAMBRIDGE,
August 21, 1849.

Being the last day of the session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

I RISE, Mr. President, with your permission, for the discharge of a yet unperformed duty. We have, sir, in the hall above, in the earlier part of the day, adopted resolutions of thanks to the worthy officers of the association, to the citizens of Cambridge, and the associations and individuals in the vicinity who have manifested an interest in the institution, and a desire to promote the convenience and gratification of the members, and the objects of the meeting. There still remains a debt of this kind to be acquitted; and I propose, sir, before I take my seat, to endeavor to perform it, by moving a vote of thanks to the ladies who have honored the meetings of the association, both here, at the social table, and in the sections, with their presence and countenance.

Before I do this, I will crave leave to say a few words upon the objects of the association, and the character of its meetings the present year. This I shall do with the greater boldness, even though I may be breaking through the regulation which was adopted, for very good reasons, that there should be no speaking at the dinner table. We have reached the last day on which we shall meet together, and my bad example, in this respect, cannot be drawn into an inconvenient precedent for the present year.

But I am desirous of availing myself of the opportunity to say, that, in my humble opinion, the transactions of the association at its present meeting have been highly creditable to its members and to the science of the country. I had an opportunity in 1841 of attending the annual meeting of a similar association at Florence, consisting of between nine hundred and a thousand of the men of science of Italy and the neighboring countries; and in the years 1842, 1844, and 1845, I enjoyed a similar opportunity in reference to the meetings of the British association for the promotion of Science. It appears to me that, in the scientific character of its proceedings at the present meeting, the American association will compare advantageously with those of Europe. The number of men of science in attendance is much less; but I think the volume of this year's transactions, when published, will show proportionably as large a number of communications, on interesting and important topics, in

most of the departments of science, and exhibiting as much original research and sound speculation as the annual reports of any of the European associations. I make this remark with the less hesitation, because I have myself borne no other part in the scientific labors of the association than that of a gratified and instructed listener; and also because, among the circumstances which have enabled the association to present such fair ground of comparison with its European contemporaries, no one can forget that European talent of the highest order is to be found in our ranks.*

I think no one, sir, could have attended any considerable number of the meetings of the association, and witnessed its course of operations, but must have been satisfied, if he had doubts before, of the utility of such an institution. A meeting of scientific men from every part of the Union, with the opportunity thus afforded for entering into friendly personal relations, is itself an object of no mean importance, especially in a country so large as this, and destitute of any one great metropolis. It cannot have escaped any one's observation that much time, labor, and skilful research, must have been devoted to the preparation of many of the memoirs, which it is highly probable would not have been bestowed upon scientific pursuits, under other circumstances. Much is gained, at all times, by the actual presence of the instructor, and the animation of the living voice. An impression is made by them which is rarely produced by the lifeless page of the printed volume. I do not, of course, mean that lecturing can ever take the place of study; but it is an admirable assistant. Then, too, the meetings of the association possess the advantage of affording, in the discussions to which the memoirs are subjected, an opportunity for the friendly collision of intellect and the instructive comparison of opinions, which nothing but oral discussion can yield. These topics might be easily expanded, but I think I should undertake a very superfluous office should I endeavor more in detail, on the present occasion, to set forth the usefulness of institutions of this kind.

I am aware that it has been objected to them at home and abroad, that they do not lead to the discovery of truth. The question is frequently asked, in reference to the great European associations of this kind, what discoveries have been made by them? Well, sir, in this demand for *discoveries* as the test of usefulness, on the part of associated or individual effort, there is no little vagueness and a good deal of injustice. It appears to me quite unreasonable as an exclusive test of utility, to demand either of scientific bodies, or of single votaries of science, that they should make discoveries. If by "discoveries" we mean matters of fact before unknown, such as the discovery of the existence of the American continent, or of the planets Uranus or Neptune, or of the effect of vaccination, it would be shutting up the domain of science within very narrow limits, to exclude from it all but a very few, who to the greatest sagacity, and generally also the greatest diligence, have united the greatest good fortune. If we set up this standard, we should strike at the root not merely of this association, but of almost every other specific form of scientific action. Discoveries such as I mention are, necessarily, more or less casual in their immediate origin. Or rather there is a happy inspiration—an unexplained, inexplicable kindling of mind—

* Among the active members of the association at the present meeting were Professors Agassiz and Guyot of Neuchâtel.

which no logic can teach, no discipline certainly produce. That the globe was spherical was not first conceived by Columbus—how happened it that he first formed the practical conception of reaching the Indies by sailing to the West? The perturbations of Uranus have been studied by astronomers for a quarter of a century—what inspired Leverrier and Adams alone, with the happy thought of deducing from them the existence of an undiscovered planet?

If we use the term "discovery" in reference to great general laws of nature, such as the Copernican system, the attraction of gravitation, the relations of electricity and magnetism, then the unreasonableness of objecting to scientific associations, that they have not produced and are not likely to produce such results, is still more apparent. Discoveries of this kind, even though apparently referable to single authors, to particular periods of time, and to distinct courses of research, are so only in a limited degree. They are the product of the whole condition of science at the time; they are its consummate flower, its ripened fruit. Such discoveries strike their roots far into the past; they are not made, they have grown. The preparation of centuries has gradually opened the way for them; hundreds of minds have taken part in the discovery hundreds of years before it is made. At length the world of science is ripe for the grand result; the fulness of time is come; the gifted genius destined to put the last hand to the work is born, and the "discovery" is made; not seldom, perhaps, in popular acceptance, with an exaggeration of its absolute novelty, an overrating of the originality of the discoverer, and consequent injustice to his predecessors. Pope beautifully says:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;—
God said, 'Let Newton be';—and all was light."

This certainly is very happily said, by way of epigrammatic eulogy; but it would not bear scientific examination. The illustrious philosopher, as just and modest as he was great, did not so deem of himself. Were the laws of nature wholly hidden in darkness before the time of Newton? Had Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo, thrown no light upon them?

So, too, and perhaps this is a still more important reflection, after the discovery of some such general law is made, the work of science is by no means exhausted. Even if it were true that scientific associations had no tendency to promote discovery, in either sense of the word, it might still be a matter of great importance, that they furnish occasions and facilities for illustrating and diffusing more widely the knowledge of the great laws of nature. This is a point on which, if time permitted, and I were addressing an audience of young men who needed encouragements to engage with ardor in the pursuit of science, I would gladly enlarge. I would say to them, fear not that the masters who have gone before you have reaped the field of science so thoroughly, as to leave neither harvest nor gleanings for their successors. True, indeed, the Newtons have lived and taught, not to supersede and render superfluous, but to prepare the way for disciples and followers, not unworthy to be called the Newtons of after ages. The discovery of a great law is an enlargement, not an exhaustion, of the domain of science. Each new truth is a lever for the discovery of further truth. It may never be given again to the human intellect, (but who shall say that it never will be given?) to attain another generalization at once of such divine simplicity and stupendous magnitude as the law of gravitation. But I think it

may with truth be said, that the System of the Universe resting on that law has been more fully developed by the successors of Newton than by himself. It was believed in 1729 that the *maximum* of telescopic power had been attained. And the Solar System as then understood comprised six primary planets and ten secondaries! There are now discovered nineteen planetary bodies which revolve round the sun, and (if we allow two satellites for Neptune) twenty-one secondaries!

This important truth, that a great discovery not only leads to, but stands in need of, further researches, is most happily expressed in a fine apostrophe of the poet Cowley to the philosopher Hobbes, which attracted my notice as I happened into the booksellers the day before yesterday, and seemed to me so full of wisdom as to impress itself upon my memory. Cowley addresses Hobbes as "The great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies." Few persons, at the present day, would be disposed to admit the claim of the philosopher of Malmesbury to this magnificent title. But the strain in which Cowley proceeds, however uncouth in point of versification, is singularly acute and discriminating:

"Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies!
Thy task is harder much than his,
For thy learned America is
Not only first found out by thee,
And rudely left to future industry,
But thy eloquence and thy wit
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized it."

The verse is rude, but the lesson is significant. Columbus may set foot on a continent before unseen by civilized man; Copernicus may sweep away the cycles and epicycles of the Ptolemaic theory, and establish the sun on his central throne; and Newton may demonstrate the wondrous law which binds every member of the system—for ever attracted and for ever repelled—to that mysterious centre. But after all these great discoveries have been made, there is not only room, there is a crying demand, a great intellectual necessity for further progress. Other discoverers, other philosophers must rise to unfold the consequences of these primordial truths—to plant and people these scientific continents (if I may be allowed to carry on Cowley's metaphor) with new experiments and observations; to build them up with harmonious systems; to civilize them into a refined adaptation to the wants and service of moral beings.

This is the work left to the mass of the scientific community, and no one can reasonably deny that an association like ours is an approved and effective part of that system of concerted action by which men advantageously unite themselves to accomplish desirable ends. And it is most cheering to learn from the example of the great discoverers, that the materials for carrying on their work—the elements of further discovery—surround us on every side. There is no error more gross than that the knowledge of the great truths which form the glory of modern science, must be directly sought from the depths of the heavens above or of the abyss below. For if philosophical analysis enables us, in some degree, to penetrate to the mysteries of the earth we inhabit, or of the mighty universe of which it forms so small a part, it is by virtue of laws and principles exemplified as clearly in the motes that cheaply people the sun-beam—as in the mighty spheres that are held in their orbits by the sun. The law of gravitation was suggested to Newton not by the magnificent spectacle of a comet drawn down to the sun from the outskirts of the solar system, but by an apple

falling from a tree to the earth. The glass which I hold in my hand, with the water it contains, is of itself a richly stored cabinet of scientific truth. By the ancients, the water, believed to be a simple substance, was no doubt regarded chiefly as the element designed to moisten and fertilize the earth, to quench the thirst of man, to separate Greece from the lands of the barbarians. By a great progress of art, it came to serve for the construction of a clepsydra.

Modern science early took note of the expansive powers of steam. The Marquis of Worcester, Savery, and Newcomen, attempted, and Bolton and Watt perfected the machinery which has made the vapor of boiling water the life-spring of modern industry, and in the hands of our own Fulton converted it into the great means of commerce and communication around the globe.

Questioned by chemical science, the same limpid element is made to yield to Cavendish and Priestley the secret of its gaseous composition, and thus becomes the starting point of no inconsiderable portion of our modern chemistry; teaching us at the onset the somewhat startling fact, that *aqua fortis*, and the common air we breathe, consist of precisely the same ingredients, in proportions a little varied. Physiology here takes her turn; and my friend opposite, who favors me with an approving smile (Prof. Agassiz), is ready to subject the contents of the glass to the creative locus of his microscope, and to demonstrate the organization, circulation, and whole animal economy of orders of beings, whose existence is apparent only under the higher powers. Not content with the harvest of science to be reaped from the water, our worthy President (Prof. Henry) is thinking of the glass. To his eye it is a tolerable cylinder. His mind runs upon electricity, induction, and the relations of galvanism and magnetism, to the illustration of which he has himself so materially contributed. Here we reach the magnetic telegraph—the electric clock—and their application to the measurement of differences of longitude, and the observation and record of celestial phenomena; an apparatus so wonderful that, as we have heard in the sections, a child of twelve years old, who sees it for the first time, can observe and record the passage of a star over the wires of the micrometer, more correctly than it could be done by the most skilful observer in the ordinary way. Thus we are carried back to a more accurate observation of the heavens, by that electric spark which Franklin first drew from the clouds.

But it is time, sir, to think of performing the duty for which I originally rose to address you. It is one of the most pleasing incidents of the present meeting of the association that it has been attended by so many ladies. Many of the members of the association from a distance have been accompanied by their wives and daughters, who, together with the ladies of Cambridge, have not only from day to day honored our social table with their company, but have given their diligent attention in the sections. The association has, I understand, been favored in this way for the first time at the present meeting. I am sure I speak for all those who have taken part in the scientific transactions, that they have been animated and encouraged by this unusual presence; and the persevering attendance of our fair friends to the close of the session authorizes the hope that they have been gratified listeners. How much our social meetings in this hall have been enlivened by their presence, I need not say. I trust the example which they have set

the present year will be followed at the future meetings of the association. When we recall the names of Caroline Herschel, of Mary Somerville—and may I not add of our own Maria Mitchell?—we need no arguments to show that the cultivation of science is by no means the exclusive mission of man. The time may come, perhaps, when my successor in the duty I now perform will be called upon to return the acknowledgments of the association not only to the ladies who have honored the meeting by their presence, but to those who have contributed to their scientific transactions. I beg leave, sir, to submit the following motion:

Resolved, That the thanks of the American Association for the Advancement of Science be given to the ladies who have honored the meetings of the association with their attendance.

The question on this resolution was put by the President, and it was carried unanimously.

The Fine Arts.

OUTLINES AND SKETCHES BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, whose true position as a great and original Artist is becoming every day more universally recognised, left behind him at his death a number of original drawings and sketches, from which a selection has been made by Mr. Stephen H. Perkins, of Boston, with the view of having them engraved and published in a volume, as a memorial of Allston, and for the gratification of the lovers of Art. The volume is to consist of 20 of these sketches, mostly in outline, engraved by Messrs. J. and S. W. Cheney. The manner of the engraving is such as to insure the most exact reproduction of the original designs, they having been first daguerreotyped on the engraver's plates, and the lines afterwards traced in silver.

A volume containing four of these outlines, as specimens, has been placed by Mr. C. W. Elliot at Mr. Ridner's Fine Art Depository, No. 497 Broadway, adjoining the Art-Union, where it can be inspected by those desirous of forming an idea of the character of the work, and of becoming subscribers for it.

These outlines speak for themselves. They are full of beauty, strength, and originality. If the others which are to accompany them may be fairly judged of from the specimens, the whole collection will be one of the choicest of its kind, and will add new lustre to Allston's reputation. Many who have been unable to judge of him by an acquaintance with his pictures, unfortunately too little known in this country, will discern, even in these comparatively imperfect works, the traces of his creative power, and the exquisite delicacy of his fancy. "*Titania's Court*," the first of the series, exhibits these qualities in a remarkable degree. It gives the moonlight revels of the Fairy Queen with a grace and beauty worthy of the imagination of Shakespeare, and with a boldness of execution which makes it as remarkable as a work of art as of fancy. The other sketches are as striking in their character, and are worthy of careful study by all who appreciate works of this description, which, though not such as would by themselves create a reputation, are often amongst the most characteristic and valuable contributions to art.

ART AND RELIGION.

RELIGION and Art, says the Bishop of London, are essentially connected; a high authority, which ought to reconcile many sceptical

persons to an inevitable truth. The right reverend chaplain to the Royal Academy speaks in a double function, not only as a vindicator of art, but as a ruler of the Church; and, without venturing on any doctrinal question beyond lay meddling, we are free to understand, that the dogmas of the Protestant Church do not forbid the consideration of the subject, on the broadest principles of religious feeling as well as of art. On such grounds, persons who are familiar with the aspect of art in religious edifices, cannot comprehend why the usage of the English Church should abandon that high influence to the Roman Catholic Church. It scarcely needed Mr. Ruskin to show, by "the Lamp of Sacrifice," that the labor and faculties of man are well-bestowed in rendering the house of God worthy of its purpose, and that an edifice adorned with the beauty which is the human reflex of the beauty in the creation, is more fitting for the spirit of devotion than the sort of washhouse which is usually constructed for the purpose. A contrary impression may be created in the minds of those who are not familiar with ecclesiastical art, because pictures and ornaments may, to them, by their novelty, be matters of curiosity; but it is to be remembered that the regular attendants in a church must soon lose any such trivial sensation, and remain open to the direct and constant influences of art.

It is a mistake to suppose, that because a Church is richly dight it must be flaunting and gay. The Church built by Mr. Pugin for the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Cheddle in Staffordshire, is very rich; but although, upon a close examination, you discover the elaboration and richness of the ornament, the general aspect, on entering the fane, is one of a grave harmony,—a "tone" in coloring and architectural shade, analogous to the ponderous beauty of the organ. As you enter, a sense of solemnity strikes you; and if, penetrating the subdued shadows, you descry a richer beauty, the physical sensation which it produces, harmonizes well with the grave and grateful consolation intended by the religious offices.

These influences need not be given up to the Roman Church. Working, in some respects, with smaller resources, but in a more favored spot, Lord Ongley has outdone the Romish Peer. About eight miles from Bedford lies the parish of Warden, once the site of Warden Priory, celebrated for its pears. Here is a Church of some age, which has been repaired by Lord Ongley, the lord of the manor; he has brought carvings from abroad; the windows are of stained glass, principally blue and red; a few pictures, copies, probably, of an "Ecce Homo," and of the "Madonna and Child," after skilful hands, supply, not images for worship, but objects that attune the mind to the spirit of sacrifice. The simple but picturesque forms and arrangements of the older building suit the repairs and ornaments; Lord Ongley, we have been told, was himself the principal workman. The Church is situated on a beautiful piece of rising ground, with abundant foliage about it; the graves are adorned with flowers. Exception may be taken, perhaps, to some trivialities in the ornaments; but, upon the whole, the effect is beautiful. And it harmonizes, we say, with the spirit of devotion—of sacrifice and consolation. The dark carved wood, rich and deep in tone, gives a solemn air to the place; above, heavenward, the white walls rise to a fuller light, the stained glass tempers the brilliancy, and casts lovely tints on the dark-brown wood.

The senses are impressed with an atmosphere of solemn beauty. If one notices the details of the workmanship, it is with a sense of satisfaction at so much skilful pains bestowed in rendering the edifice more worthy of its office; so much the more has been sacrificed to the glory of God, and to the effort at producing that atmosphere of solemn beauty which attunes the mind to a serious and grateful adoration—a solemn happiness. The Church is visited by travellers from far and near; repose in that churchyard is not oblivion, but a restoration to Nature, consecrated by the memory of love—an absorption into the Church consecrated to God. And the art which renders the handiwork of man worthy of the spot, contributes, after its kind, we believe, to the spirit of devotion, in the same way that natural beauty does. Natural theology might as well forego the influence of the mountains and the woods, the firmament and the waters, as the offices of the Church forego what art borrows from these great elements—the art of nature, the art of the Church "not made with hands."—*London Spectator*.

What is Talked About.

—Any casual observer may notice in what is called the "popular" literature of the day, the disproportionate quantity of sentiment: of weak, effeminate, trashy romance, which passes off as something quite elevating under cover of its moral pretences. We have seen in the writings of George Sand how far this school could go, and though the matter chiefly in circulation in the United States is of a far more diluted, less concentrated poison, yet the effects are to a great extent injurious in the same way. There is nothing more dangerous to tamper with, particularly with uncultivated heads and warm temperaments, than the analysis of the feelings, which imparts strength to a strong mind and impairs a weak one. So we see broods of wishy-washy poets and sickly female sentimentalizers, courting publicity in sundry mawkish effusions which bear no evidence of truth—for real feeling never expresses itself in diluted tawdry feebleness, nor seeks the highway of the first magazine or newspaper. These compositions are, however, not without their injury. To say nothing of the wound which they inflict on the quiet and purity of the female character (as if publicity were a thing to be sought for, not denied), they have, we fear, an evil tendency to mislead. Their weakness is not their protection from harm. At least if we may judge from certain disclosures in late criminal trials which have forced themselves on the public attention, we may find an infinite power of mischief in this very ridiculous mawkish sentimentalism. The revelations of an investigation in Missouri, in the correspondence of a married woman with a miserable person who was killed by the husband, show the great danger of the cultivation of certain powers of the mind at the expense of others. A woman, not wanting in ability, but apparently of this exclusively sentimental culture, is led into criminality through a series of absurdities which one grain of wit or humor would have blown to the winds. Had her mind been trained in a vigorous course of reading, she could never have been so ready a dupe of herself, and of the ridiculous letters which were sent to her. This restriction of the female mind to what is called "ladies' reading," may be expected to lead to these melancholy results. Vanity is fed at the same time with passion;

there is a great deal of talk about "genius," and other silly mystifications. In this "Palmyra Tragedy," as it is called, the lady took the name of Heloise Wallenstein and the gentleman wrote himself Byron Harold. His letters are very shabby, paltry assumptions of the character; hers are evidently sincere in their shallow earnestness. He talks of his preference for a passage over him of all the Mexican Artillery sooner than part from her; which must be allowed, time and place considered, to be a very strong figure, and he affects to admire her favorite passages in Mrs. Hemans! The lady poetizes natural scenery and the feelings in passages like these, which combine the two.

"Do you think of me often, dearest? How often do I wander through the haunts of the wild woods, where the sparkling dew sheds its tender charm o'er the wild flowers' delicate hue, and the sunbeam paints its rainbow tints upon the dashing spray of the murmuring Fabius, as it wildly roams through the forest's depths—now hiding its glassy surface beneath the drooping lily's shade, or kissing the blushing wild rose as it stoops to lave its glistening petals in its sparkling waters. How many bouquets of lovely wild flowers do I gather for you in my morning rides, and present them to you in my imagination, and how sweetly do I see you smile in return; sometimes I fancy you flinging them as far as you can send them, and again do I see their delicate petals resting on the snowy surface of your new vest, all sparkling with buttons, and vying with them in brilliancy."

Would a reader of Miss Austin, or Mrs. Kirkland, or Miss Leslie, or any of the sterling English humorous writers, ever have been deduced into this literal and moral bathos?

—The Peace Convention, which has just met at Paris, with Victor Hugo for its president, and a miscellaneous English and American representation, is one of those signs of the times, which, in the midst of "wars and rumors of wars," heralds the way to the approaching changes in international relations. We do not regard it as of much practical importance as a motive power in the matter; "societies" seldom are of much consequence in that way; it is rather a bubble on the surface suggestive of the working underneath. Victor Hugo predicted the time when a cannon would be as great a curiosity as a thumb-screw or the rack, and contrasted the multiplied fighting powers of the middle ages with the combined peace-supporting powers of modern Europe. M. Girardin noticed, with applause, the small standing army of the United States—a proof, if one were wanted, of the benefits of "annexation." Mr. Cobden urges the irresistible principal argument in the question, "How, with the imminent bankruptcy of the European states, are the armies to be paid for?" Arguments for and indications of the weakening of the old military principle are not wanting on all hands,—the unpopularity of the Mexican war in the United States among thinking men; the studious zeal with which General Taylor himself opposes false military glory; the general impulse in various quarters to look into the abuses of the army and navy—with the strong undermining influences of trade, commerce, and education, all point to the results more or less distant eloquently declaimed upon at the Peace Convention.

—It is now definitively arranged that MR. MACREADY will appear at the Haymarket in London instead of "Old Drury," as rumored. MR. HUDSON, the Irish singer and comedian, will perform at the Broadway

Theatre on Monday. We have not heard of any certain arrangement for the appearance of MISS CUSHMAN in this city as yet. M. MARETZKE's search for musical celebrities for the Astor Opera House for the next season is chronicled in the *London Athenæum*,—with a recommendation of home culture and home reliance for theatrical affairs.

—We have again to record the loss the State has sustained in the death of a distinguished public servant, whose labors in the alleviation of human suffering entitle his memory to honorable preservation—we allude to the death of Dr. A. BRIGHAM, Superintendent and Resident Physician of the New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica. It is but a few weeks since we noticed in the *Literary World* a little book of Sanitary Precepts from his pen, intended as a gift to the patients restored under his charge. The *Journal of Insanity* and other medical publications introduced to the world the results of his experience, which had been gained in the practice of his profession at Greenfield, Mass., in foreign travel, in his direction of the Lunatic Asylum at Hartford, and latterly at Utica,—where he introduced every practicable and gentle method of alleviating the most melancholy affliction of humanity.

—Lookers on, it is well known, see more of the game than the players—a trite proverb, which has recurred to us on reading the entertaining and carefully digested articles of the *London Times* on that standing marvel—California—of which this is the latest:—

"A great man once said that it was no wonder if Oxford and Cambridge were such learned places, considering how much knowledge was yearly carried thither, and how little was ever brought away. We are almost inclined to apply the same rule to the settlements on the Sacramento. If California is not the richest country upon the earth, it soon ought to be, for all the available capital, whether in goods or cash, of the Indian, Pacific, and Atlantic sea-boards appears to be dispatched to San Francisco. Even Hong Kong has been drawn within the sphere of attraction, and our Chinese intelligence this week reported that its warehouses had been swept of all goods suitable to the diggings, and that all the native craft in the harbor seemed making ready for the same port. On the other hand, the gold arriving from the mines was comparatively small in quantity, and the balance was sadly against the 'placers.' The loss upon shipments and the efflux of specie was sensibly felt both on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and the arrival of large consignments of bullion was anxiously expected in America to quicken the approaching fall trade.

"All this appears the more extraordinary when it is considered that the positive productiveness of the mines is really established upon irresistible evidence. There is one point, and one only, on which all accounts from San Francisco coincide, and that is the inexhaustible supply of gold contained in the earth. By a little care, however, in collating the evidence, we may perhaps arrive at a conclusion which will reconcile these two facts without involving any supposition improbable in itself. It seems that the rivers and ravines do undoubtedly contain supplies of gold which may by comparison be described as almost inexhaustible, for the precious metal has never before, we believe, been found in such abundance or in such purity so near the surface of the earth.

"But, on looking closer into the state of things, it appears that the labor required for its

production, though of a more practical kind than that hitherto employed in mines on a larger scale, is yet so trying, serious, and uncertain, as to make a good set off against the average returns. In other words, a day's work in California will not ordinarily produce more than a fair day's wages; while, as to the general exports of gold, there is not only little prospect of their disturbing the accepted value of this metal in the market, but there is even every probability that for some time to come they will not repay the capital which has been invested in securing them. The more respectable of the American journals are now anticipating a commercial revulsion, though they still predict, sensibly enough, that after the fever speculation has passed away, California will become a rich and populous state.

"The depositions of American sea-captains upon the various wonders of the deep are usually deemed such an equivocal source of information that we hardly like to retail incidents derived mainly from such testimony. According, however, to these narratives, the whole North Pacific is swarming with ships and cargoes from every island in the ocean, and the harbor of San Francisco, spacious as it is, can hardly contain the arrivals. Consignments are daily refused. Captains of vessels obtain £70 a month, mates £50, and sailors £30. Clerks on shore get £800 per annum and their board. Nothing is said about lodgings, a reserve which perhaps is prudent considering the notorious scantiness of sleeping houses in the new settlement. There is, however, a hotel which is *underlet* for £9000 a year, a portion of which very moderate rent is made up by judiciously letting off a small apartment for a tap at £200 a month. One gambling room lets for £3500 a year, two smaller ones for £1200 each. There is even a French *café* in the place, the average receipts of which, night and day, have been accurately calculated at one dollar per minute.

"It is only from an incidental remark that we infer that the tastes of Anglo-Saxon emigrants have been consulted by the establishment of a brewery. A drayman, we are told, is in the receipt of £1,300 a year salary. Our readers will remember the famous story of the commercial firm which saved £100 a year in ink by leaving out the dots to their *i*'s, and crosses to their *t*'s; and perhaps some of them will hazard a calculation of what the Trumans and Buxtons of San Francisco must be doing when the services of a drayman are so estimated. Certainly such a scale of transactions is very magnificent, yet a good deal of the produce of California must needs, at this rate, be self-consumed."

—The Correspondent, "Sentinel," of the *Courier and Enquirer* adds this pleasant bit of description to the items, always of interest, relating to the classic topic of Niagara:

"But imperfect conceptions can be formed by description of the exquisite beauty of the Suspension Bridge, as it has recently been perfected. It is absolutely fascinating,—by its own loveliness and the surpassingly beautiful scenes that on either side are visible. The floorway is now composed of small, but closely and compactly fitted boards, very neat and ample in strength. Four large cables of strong wire have been added. Guys of wire are placed from the rocks beneath, so that the bridge cannot swing in the wind. The immense towers on either side are painted black, the larger cables red, and the flooring and ornamental side work white. The effect of these mingled colors is charming. I wandered from the Falls down to the Bridge, close on

the river side, or rather on the heights, and was constrained to stop often to gaze at the successive scenes of wild and superb presentation. Viewed from a short distance, the bridge looks like a collection of filaments of glass, spun by some curious and adventurous artist—thrown like the woven web from one to the other shore. The true way to enjoy the view is to cross on foot; and, indeed, to linger on the bridge. To-day it rose and fell in the strong wind with the motion of a wave, slow and gentle. Its side framework is light, and like a bird-cage, but it is strong enough; and thus with the whirlpool's rage beneath, and the peaceful heaven above, the swift white foam of the water, and the passing white cloud on high, it realizes what HAL-LECK means when he says,

'Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air!'

Firm as the bridge is (and it transits safely very heavy loads), if walking upon it, and another person enters on it, you can feel it vibrate under you, like the throb of an artery."

—We are indebted to another correspondent of the same journal for a view of the kingdom of King Otho, which presents several features which may interest our readers. The letter is dated Athens, April 9.

"For years Greece has not improved, either physically or morally. The financial department of the administration has been wretchedly conducted. The Kingdom commenced its existence with a debt of twelve millions of dollars, incurred by a loan from the protecting powers; the government has not only failed to pay this debt, but by mismanagement and prodigality has quadrupled its pecuniary liabilities. Even now retrenchment is so far from being the order of the day, that a bill has just passed the House of Representatives, re-establishing at a great cost four hundred monasteries, which a few years since were suppressed and their funds devoted to educational purposes. The great resources of the country yet remain undeveloped. Large and valuable tracts of land lie uncultivated, and wherever tillage does exist, it is of the rudest description. Manufactures are hardly known; and though considerable commerce is carried on with the neighboring islands and with Constantinople, its amount by no means corresponds with the natural advantages of the country, or with what it would be under a wisely fostering government."

"The facilities for internal communication are extremely limited. But three roads, practicable for vehicles of any description, exist in the whole country, and the longest of these does not exceed thirty miles in length. Even roads that were once kept up have now become useless for want of repair. The country is intersected with mule tracks, which, fortunately, do not require the care of government. Inns exist in three or four large towns only, and most of these are kept by foreigners. The khans, which the Turks maintained throughout the land for the accommodation of travelers, have been suffered to fall to ruin. Crime abounds everywhere in the kingdom. Highway robberies are frequent in every province, and sometimes occur within half a dozen miles of Athens. No one who has anything to lose will travel the shortest distance without an escort. In the capital, house-breaking is of common occurrence, and murders are not unfrequent. Arraignments do not often follow the commission of offences, convictions less often, and full punishment only in exceptional cases. Justice is so uncertain in its course as to produce the general belief that criminals, at

least the most notorious ones, are shielded by certain men in authority. Vice riots unabashed, because there is no public opinion against it. Men guilty of the blackest crimes and most abominable excesses, are presented with office, and at this very moment are tasting the sweets of power.

"In short, there is but a single point in the present aspect of Greece, on which the eye can rest with satisfaction; yet that point is a bright and encouraging one; I mean the growing education and intelligence of the people. The State maintains an excellent system of education, modelled on the Prussian plan, and as a scheme, perfect in all its proportions. At its head stands the University, well endowed by public and private munificence, located in the finest modern building in Athens, and possessing a noble library, a faculty of thirty-four competent professors, and a body of nearly three hundred students. The capital also contains a Polytechnic School, where the sciences are well taught to some 200 pupils; a gymnasium, or academy with 600 scholars; a female seminary with about the same number, and a large number of elementary schools, conducted on the Lancasterian plan. Athens probably has as large a proportion of its population under instruction as any capital in Europe.

"Public schools are maintained over the whole kingdom, and all classes participate in their advantages. No less than eighteen or twenty cleverly conducted newspapers are published at the metropolis. Their subscription price is high, but in the Reading-rooms and Coffee-houses they find their way to the great mass of the population. With all their shortcomings, they are doing much to enlighten the public mind. It is true that the provisions for moral improvement in Greece but ill compare at present with the facilities for mental development; yet if there is a single element in Greek society that promises to elevate and eventually redeem the nation, it is the spirit of inquiry that now prevails among the people, and for the first time since the ancient Republic, can, in all matters not ecclesiastical, be safely cherished and freely gratified."

Publishers' Circular.

NEW MUSIC.

The following pieces of music have just been published by Wm. Vanderbeck, agent, 479 Broadway:—"The Pirate's March, from the opera of the Enchantress, by John C. Scherpf;" "Nebel-Mind de White Folks," being the last of Christy's Gems; "Flirtation Polka, by Henry J. Brown;" "Come ye Forth to our Revels by Moonlight, by Mrs. Octavia Walton C. Vert, of Mobile;" "My own dear star of Love, by Madame Rondonneau;" "Couronne de Rose Galop," being one of the "Beauties of the Steyermarkische Musical Company," and "Grotto Lake Polka," being one of the same collection.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1ST TO 15TH SEPT.

A Letter to a Young Man who has just entered College, from an older one who has been through. 12mo. pp. 39 (Boston: Crosby & Nichols.)
Angel-Voices; or Words of Counsel for overcoming the World. Second Edition, revised and corrected. 16mo. pp. 117 (Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.)
Christian Examiner (The). No. 143, for September. (Boston: Crosby & Nichols.)
Claridge (R. T.).—Every Man his own Doctor. The Cold Water, Tepid Water, and Friction Cure, as applicable to every disease to which the human frame is subject, and also to the cure of disease in horses and cattle. By Captain R. T. Claridge. 12mo. pp. 213 (New York: John Wiley.)
Colman (Mrs.).—Innocence of Childhood. By Mrs. Colman, Editor of the Youth's Sketch Book. 16mo. (New York: Appleton & Co.)

Ecclesiologist (The New York), No. VI., August (New York: H. M. Onderdonk.)

Ha.e (S. J.).—The Poet's Offering, for 1850, edited by Sarah Josepha Hale. With Illustrations. 8vo. pp. 376 (Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliott & Co.)

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